THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1810.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 Biographical Sketch of the Life of the Princess Amelia, 483
2. Account of the Funeral of her Royal Highness, the Princess Amelia, 485
3 London Fashions, 488
4 What might Be, 489
5 The Masquerade, 494
6 On the Education of Country Gentlemen, 503
7 A Defence of Women, 508
8 Oriental Anecdotes, 514
9 Account of the African Serpent the Boah, &c. 516
10 POETICAL ESSAYS—The Wish—Sonnets—Sonnet to the River Mersey—The Union of Hearts, respectfully inscribed to the Author of Benedict—Extempore, on taking a last Survey of my late Residence at Stow—Sonnet—To Mary—Lines to a Young Lady, with a Purse—Stanzas to ———.—Lines on a violent Head-ache being cured by dancing with Miss J.ne G.l..n, of Ednam, Lincolnshire, 517—520
11 Foreign News, 521
12 Home News, 524
13 Births, Marriages, 527
14 Deaths, 528

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

1. Her late Royal Highness the Princess AMELIA.
2. London Fashionable MORNING and FULL DRESSES.
3. New and elegant PATTERNS for Black Net KERCHIEFS for the HEAD.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We would willingly gratify the parental fondness of '*A Mother*,' and encourage the juvenile muse of '*an un-educated youth*,' who is certainly not destitute of genius: but their lines are, unfortunately, too incorrect for publication.

If the translator of the '*Fairy Tale*' will forward to us the remainder, accompanied with a copy of the original, we shall better be enabled to judge of the merit of the piece, than we can at present.

Several other Pieces are under consideration, and some already selected for insertion in our next Number.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1810.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE PRINCESS AMELIA.

[*With her Portrait elegantly engraved, from an undoubted Original.*]

THE amiable princess, whose premature loss the nation now deplores, was the youngest surviving offspring of their present majesties, and was born on the 7th of August, 1783, in the forty-sixth year of her royal father's age.

From her early infancy, she displayed a most engaging disposition, and a tender sensibility, which justly endeared her to all around her: and, as she grew up, she evinced a correct and refined taste for literature and the polite arts, though the delicate state of her health unfortunately prevented her from cultivating her natural talents to as high a degree as her royal sisters have successfully done. But, though her constitution thus forbade her to improve her native powers in a manner adequate to her wishes, her mind was highly cultivated by reading, in which she took great delight—particularly historic reading: and in music she made considerable proficiency, as was acknowledged by every competent judge who witnessed her tasteful performance on the piano-forte.

But of little avail were her talents, natural or acquired! Early was she marked out as the destined victim of that cruel disorder, which—after a tedious period of sufferings, nearly commensurate to one full half of her vital course—has at length so fatally terminated.

Her complaint has been ascertained to have been the scrofula: and its first attack was felt by her in a pain of the knee, attended with considerable debility and lameness. In vain were the efforts of the most able physicians zealously exerted to eradicate the immedicable evil which preyed on her frame; in vain was recourse had to change of air, sea-bathing, and every other expedient which the most consummate medical skill could devise; for, though, about ten years since, she appeared in some degree re-established, still she harboured in her bosom the latent enemy that was silently sapping her constitution, and waiting to unite with another enemy in effecting the total overthrow of those fond hopes which her royal relatives and the nation at large had entertained of her complete recovery. That new enemy was the measles, which attacked her about four years since, at a time when her health seemed to have been very materia. y improved.

The lurking remains of this latter disorder, combining with the un-eradicated venom of the former, together produced a complication of distemper too powerful for the efforts of medicine. From that inauspicious period, she has ever been in a declining condition, though with occasional fluctuations from worse to better, and from better to worse, till at length the friendly hand of death—which, to her, had no terrors—kindly released her from her sufferings on the second day of the present November.

During her long-protracted and severe trials, she bore her afflictions with truly Christian patience and resignation—less solicitous on her own account, than on that of her royal parents, who (as well as all the other members of the royal family) were most affectionately attached to her, and whose affection she amply repaid by a most exemplary filial piety.

His Majesty, in particular, was so passionately fond of her—had his happiness so wrapped up in this his favorite child—that the shock which he suffered in his last sad interview with her, proved the cause of that severe calamity which has since visited him, and cast a melancholy gloom over the whole nation. At the close of that interview—at the moment when the sorrowing parent was rising from her bed-side to retire for the day, and affectionately grasping her hand, according to his usual custom at parting—the princess, sensible that she was now closely approximating to that "bourn whence no traveller returns," slipped on his finger, without any previous notice to him, a diamond ring, which she had privately ordered to be made for the occasion, inclosing a lock of her hair, and inscribed with the words, "*Remember me!*"—This un-expected and affecting incident so harrowed up his Majesty's paternal feelings—so forcibly wrought upon his mind, at that time wholly engrossed by the sufferings and danger of a beloved child—as to produce the lamentable consequence above noticed.

In her person, her Royal Highness was tall and graceful, and appeared to particular advantage on horseback; in which attitude she was oftenest seen and admired by the public, as she was fond of

riding, and frequently accompanied her royal father in his equestrian excursions.—Her countenance was sweet, expressive, and interesting—the picture of mild good-nature; and, in the earlier period of her life, before the canker of disease had corroded her bloom in the bud, her features were marked with the traits of beauty.

In her disposition, she was tender and affectionate to all her relatives, particularly to her royal father—mild, gentle, and obliging to her attendants, and to all, whether of high or of low degree, with whom she had any intercourse—remarkably humane, compassionate, and charitable—ever ready to lend a favorable ear to the solicitations of distress—never allowing any of her attendants to prevent the presentation of a petition for relief, or suffering a petitioner to retire disappointed — not even waiting for the applications of the sons or daughters of misery—but anxiously seeking out, in their obscure retreats, fit objects, on whom to shed the dew of her benevolence. Her mind was deeply impressed with the maxims of religion: but her religion was modest and unostentatious, though its benign effects were conspicuously evident in her general conduct, more particularly in the martyr-like fortitude and resignation, with which she so long sustained the weight of accumulated ills, imposed on her feeble frame, and at last patiently submitted to her inevitable doom.

She will long be remembered with affectionate regret, particularly by the inhabitants of those places where she occasionally resided for the benefit of her health, who have enjoyed nearer and more frequent opportunities of witnessing her amiable qualities, than the generality of the nation, whose acquaintance with her character is necessarily less perfect and minute.

ACCOUNT OF THE FUNERAL OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS AMELIA.

Lord Chamberlain's Office, Nov. 14, 1810.

Last night, the body of her late Royal Highness, Princess Amelia, was privately interred in the Royal Chapel of St. George, in Windsor.

At eight o'clock a procession was formed from Augusta Lodge to the Royal Chapel, in the following order:—

Servants and Grooms of their Majesties and the Royal Family, in State Liveries.

Staffordshire Militia, every 6th man bearing a flambeau.

Trumpets of the Royal Horse Guards, Blue.

THE HEARSE,

drawn by the King's set of eight English black horses, fully ca-

parisoned, driven by Richard Gray, the State Coachman.

Escort of Royal Horse Guards, Blue.

One of his Majesty's carriages, drawn by a full set of English black horses, conveying their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge, the executors of her late Royal Highness.

Escort of Royal Horse Guards, Blue.

One of his Majesty's carriages, conveying Lady Albinia Cumberland, Miss Goldsworthy, Mrs. Williams, and Mrs. Adams, attendants of the late Princess.

One of his Majesty's carriages, conveying Miss Byerly, Miss Gaskin, Mrs. Robinson, and Mrs. Davenport, attendants of the late Princess.

Carriages of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and Duke of Cambridge, each drawn by six horses.

Staffordshire Militia, every 6th man bearing a flambeau.

Upon arrival at the Chapel, the Servants, Grooms, and Trumpets, filed off without the south door.

At the entrance, the Dean and Prebendaries, attended by the choir, received the body; and the remainder of the procession having previously been formed, the whole proceeded down the south aisle, and up the nave into the choir, in the following order (the Procession being flanked by the Royal Horse Guards, Blue, every fourth man bearing a flambeau):—

Poor Knights of Windsor.

Pages of the Royal Family.

Pages of their Majesties.

Solicitor to her late Royal Highness, Charles Bicknell, Esq.

Apothecary. Surgeon.
Robert Battiscombe, Esq.
David Dundas, Esq.

Curate and Rector of the parish of Windsor, Rev. Mr. Gosset, Rev. Mr. Plymtey.

Physicians who attended her late Royal Highness, Dr. Baillie, Dr. Sir Henry Halford, Bart.

Equerries of the Royal Family.

Equerries of their Majesties.

Grooms of the Bedchamber to the King, Honorable General Finch, Honorable R. F. Greville, General Campbell, Chas. Herbert, Esq.

The Queen's Vice-Chamberlain, Lieutenant-Colonel Disbrowe.

Comptroller of his Majesty's Household, Lord George Thynne.

Treasurer of his Majesty's Household, Earl of Courtown.

The Queen's Master of the Horse, Earl Harcourt.

Lords of his Majesty's Bedchamber, Right Hon. Lord Arden, Right Hon. Lord Rivers, Right Hon. Lord St. Helens, Right Hon. Lord Boston.

Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, Earl of Macclesfield.

Choir of Windsor.

Prebendaries.

Dean.

The Vice-Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, acting as Lord Chamberlain, Lord John Thynne.

The Lord Steward of his Majesty's Household, Earl of Aylesford.

Gentleman Usher of his Majesty, bearing the Coronet of her late

Royal Highness, upon a black cushion. Vere Warner, Esq.

THE BODY,

In a coffin covered with crimson velvet, and a black velvet pall, adorned with eight escutcheons of her Royal Highness's arms, the coffin carried by eight yeomen of the guard.

Supporters of the pall, Lady Eliz. Thynne, Viscountess Cranley, Lady George Murray, Countess of Ely.

Chief Mourner, Countess of Chesterfield, veiled;

Her train borne by a Baronet's wife, Lady Halford, veiled.

Supporters to the Chief Mourner, veiled, Countess of Ilchester, Countess of Macclesfield.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, in a long black cloak, the train borne by one of his Royal Highness's Gentlemen.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in a long black cloak, the train borne by two of his Royal Highness's Gentlemen.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York, in a long black cloak, the train borne by one of his Royal Highness's Gentlemen.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, in a long black cloak, the train borne by one of his Royal Highness's Gentlemen.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, in a long black cloak, the train borne by one of h[illegible] Royal Highness's Gentlemen.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, in a long black cloak, the train borne by one of his Royal Highness's Gentlemen.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, in a long black cloak, the train borne by one of his Royal Highness's Gentlemen.

Marquis Cornwallis, Marquis of Abercorn, K.G., Marquis Wellesley, K. G., Earl of Chesterfield, K. G., Earl Camden, K. G., Earl of Wilton, Earl of Westmorland, K. G., Earl Bathurst, Earl of Liverpool, Earl of Harrowby, Lord Bishop of Salisbury, C. G., Right Hon. Lord Mulgrave, Right Hon. Lord Walsingham, Right Hon. Lord Eldon, Right Hon. Chas. York, Right Hon. Robert Dundas, Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, Right Hon. Richard Ryder, Right Hon. Sir David Dundas, K. B., Lieutenant-General Calvert, Count Munster, Major Price, Colonel Taylor.

Ladies, attendants on her Majesty and the Princesses, viz. Lady Albinia Cumberland, Miss Goldsworthy, Mrs. Williams, Honorable Mrs. Egerton, Honorable Mrs. Fielding, Honorable Miss Townshend, Mademoiselle Beckendorff, Madame Beckendorff, Miss Knight, Miss Planta, Miss Byerly, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Adams, Miss Montmollin, Miss Gaskin, Mrs. Davenport.

The Queen's and Princesses' Dressers.

Upon entering the choir, the body was placed on tressels, the head toward the altar; and the coronet and cushion were laid on the coffin. The chief mourner sat at the head of the corpse; her

supporters on either side; and the supporters of the pall in their places near the body.

During the service, which was read by the Honorable and Rev. the Dean of Windsor, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and his Royal Brothers, as well as the Knights of the Garter present, occupied their respective stalls. The Nobility, Privy Councillors, and officers of the household, as well as others who had followed the body, were placed in the vacant and intermediate stalls. The Ladies' attendants were in the seat below the stalls on the north side nearest the Altar; the Grooms of the bed-chamber, Physicians, Rector and Curate of Windsor, Surgeon, Apothecary, and Solicitor of her late Royal Highness, in the seat below the stalls on the south side, nearest the Altar; the equerries, and the Queen's and Princesses' other attendants, in the front seats on either side; the pages were arranged below the Altar.

The part of the service before the interment, and the anthem, being performed, the procession moved out of the choir in the order in which it had entered, and proceeded up the north aisle of the choir, flanked by the Royal Horse Guards, blue, to the place of burial behind the Altar.

The body being deposited in the vault, and the service concluded, Sir Isaac Heard Garter, after a short pause, pronounced, near the grave, the style of her late Royal Highness, as follows:—

Thus it hath pleased Almighty God, to take out of this transitory life unto his Divine Mercy the late most Illustrious Princess Amelia, 6th and youngest daughter of his Most Excellent Majesty George the Third, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great-Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith; whom God bless and preserve with long Life, Health, and Honor, and all worldly happiness.

After which, the Royal Princes, the nobility, and others, who had composed the procession, returned, having witnessed that every part of this mournful and afflicting ceremony had been conducted with great regularity, decorum, and solemnity.

LONDON FASHIONS.

1. FULL DRESS. — Black velvet, ornamented with jet and bugles, trimmed round the bosom with Vandyke lace; the sleeves confined on the shoulders by jet broaches; the under sleeve of white satin, with bugles; the waist-band and head-dress the same: white kid gloves and shoes: fan of black crape.

2. Morning Dress — Of raven-grey silk, made tight at the throat, with white crape ruff: bonnet, black silk and crape: black silk mantle: shoes and gloves same color as the dress: broach and ear-rings of jet.

WHAT MIGHT BE.

A TALE.

BY MARGARET B.

[*Continued from* p. 445.]

SIR Frederick found his mother and sister in good health, and heard with pleasure that Mr. and Mrs. Cavendish were in London.

'A gentleman has left his cards twice for you,' said Lady Montgomery, presenting them.

'Good heavens!' exclaimed Sir Frederick, 'he is my most particular friend, Captain Legoxton. Did you see him?'

'No, I did not: he refused to come up on hearing you were not at home.'

'This is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure. I am sure you will like him, my dear mother. He is a noble, generous fellow, the very soul of honor. Ellen, put a guard on your heart; it will require a very strong one indeed to resist this handsome soldier.'

'You absolutely frighten me,' said Ellen, laughing; 'take care you do not lead me into temptation; however, on your head rests all the mischief; and if I do lose my heart, remember I shall apply to you for one in return.'

'And depend upon it, if I give you one, it shall be a good one,' said Sir Frederick. 'But adieu for the present: I am going to see Louisa, and thence to Legoxton's.'

'I don't believe you will get admittance to Louisa, to-day,' rejoined Ellen, 'she is to give a grand rout to-night; all the world of fashion is to be there. You will go, won't you?'

'O certainly; and since you think Louisa will be too much engaged to attend to me, I shall defer going till the evening, and give her a surprise by my unexpected appearance. In the mean time, I shall go to Legoxton's, and renew our old acquaintance.'

About half an hour after Sir Frederick left Portman-Square, a card was delivered to Lady Montgomery from her son, telling her that he was to dine with Captain Legoxton, but would meet her at Mrs. Cavendish's in the evening.

'I wonder if he will bring the handsome officer along with him,' thought Ellen; and whatever was the cause, certain it is, that Ellen never took so much pains to appear to advantage as she did that night, and never was more successful, though not in her own eyes.

Nine o'clock set them down in Mrs. Cavendish's elegant mansion. Carriages innumerable surrounded the door, and the whole street appeared in a blaze with the torches. Ellen looked eagerly round the rooms as she passed, but no brother met her eyes.

'Dear Ellen, how do you do?' exclaimed a familiar voice. Ellen turned her head, and beheld her old playmate, and companion, Caroline Barry, now Countess of Burhop. Ellen was not sure whether she should be frank or cold, but her brother's word rising to her memory, 'I no longer regard Caroline Barry but as the wife of the Earl of Burhop,' determined her to the former. Lady Burhop, and Sir Frederick Montgomery's parents, were near neighbours. Caroline, a beautiful lively girl, was almost constantly with the young Montgo-

merys, and at an early age an attachment between her and Frederick was perceptible. Their parents, far from checking, encouraged it; and Frederick, who, as he thought, loved Caroline, was the happiest creature in the world. The first sorrow these young lovers knew, was the departure of Frederick to the cottage. Caroline shed a torrent of tears upon his bosom, and vowed eternal constancy. As soon as time would admit, he flew back to his paternal shades. Caroline, constant and more beautiful than ever, met his ardent gaze. The last year he spent at Eton, his father died. Frederick bewailed his death with the truest sorrow; and, at the request of his disconsolate mother, visited the hall. Frederick sought the beloved bosom of his Caroline, to deposit his griefs in. Caroline regretted Sir Francis, as much as any one could. 'But sooner or later,' observed she, 'we must all die.' Frederick was disappointed with this speech; there was something in it he did not like. He left her in a train of mind not so favorable to her as formerly; but the next interview completely restored her to his favor.

Two months had elapsed since the death of Sir Francis, when one morning, when Frederick went to see his Caroline, she held up a card, and in joyful accents exclaimed, 'a ball! a ball!'

'Indeed!' said Frederick, 'where is it to be given?'

'At ——,' returned Caroline; 'it is to be given by the officers of the —— regiment.'

'And are you going?' asked Sir Frederick.

'To be sure I am, and of course you will accompany me.'

'I accompany you!' repeated Frederick.

'Yes, you,' said Caroline; 'pray what is to hinder you from going?'

'Good heavens! my dear Caroline, do you recollect the recent death of my lamented father?'

'That is two months ago; and my father won't let me go, unless you go along with me.'

'Dear Caroline, I am sorry to deprive you of any pleasure, but indeed I cannot go to the ball; my feelings ......'

'Your feelings, indeed!' interrupted Caroline, in a tone of displeasure; 'are you to mourn for ever for your father?'

Caroline was too late sensible of her imprudence. Frederick gazed on her with astonishment, not unmingled with horror—'Caroline, what do you mean?'

'Pshaw!' returned she, somewhat confused, 'you are enough to provoke any one.'

'Am I?' said Frederick, thoughtfully.

'Come, Frederick, none of your solemn airs, I am sure there was no harm in what I said; there can be no impropriety in your going to the ball; the people will think it all affectation if you refuse to go.'

'I don't care what the people say or think,' exclaimed Frederick, passionately, the color rushing indignant to his face; 'I'll do what I think right myself. What! go to a ball, ere my father is cold in his grave!'

A momentary smile passed over the countenance of Caroline. It did not escape the observing eye of Sir Frederick; it sunk deep in his heart, and the love he had borne to Caroline for years, was in one moment swept away, and some-

thing like contempt usurped it's place. Any thing but the deriding of his father's memory he could have born from Caroline; but to hear even his regret for the best of parents ridiculed, and that too by the woman he believed loved him, was too much. He rushed from her presence, fully determined never more to see her. Unwilling to sink Caroline in the eyes of his mother, he resolved to conceal the circumstances of the morning; but aware that his coldness could not pass unnoticed, he expressed a wish to make the tour of the Continent; and as his mother did not raise any great objection, he set off in three days. Caroline, conscious that she was no longer beloved by him, bewailed his departure with many tears, and bitterly blamed herself for her imprudence, for she really loved him as much as her thoughtless heart could; but the ball dried up her tears, and in anticipating the admiration and attention she would receive from the officers, she soon forgot Frederick, entirely. Caroline's figure was elegant, and her face beautiful; she attracted the admiration of the Earl of Burhop, a dissipated nobleman of fifty, but in constitution seventy. He solicited her to be his partner in a dance; and though he did not go down the figure so nimbly or so gracefully as Frederick would have done, yet he was an earl, and she envied by most in the room.

The next day Caroline was surprised by a formal declaration from the amorous peer, and an offer of his hand and title. Both Mr. and Mrs. Barry expressed in the strongest terms their astonishment at her accepting them, as they firmly believed she had been engaged to Sir Frederick Montgomery. However, an earl for their son-in-law, completely reconciled them to their daughter, and the newspapers soon announced the marriage of the Earl of Burhop to the beautiful and accomplished Miss Barry. To describe Lady Montgomery's astonishment at hearing of the nuptials is impossible. In the most cautious manner she wrote to her son, and disclosed the marriage of his (as she thought) beloved Caroline. Sir Frederick received the intelligence far differently from what his mother expected; Caroline had long ceased to excite an interest in his heart. He wished her happy, and never once again thought of her or her marriage.

Lady Montgomery, at a rout where they chanced to meet, received the advances of Lady Burhop with the utmost coldness: Caroline was hurt at it, and, insensibly, her spirits sunk. She took the arm of a gentleman, and strolled through the room. In the mean time, Ellen looked in vain for her brother. She sat down beside her mother, and noticed the card-playing, seldom paying attention to the fine nothings a powdered coxcomb was breathing in her ear.

'Why, Ellen,' said Mr. Cavendish, approaching, 'why are you not with the dancers?'

'Have they begun?' said Ellen, rising and putting her arm through his.

'Ah! I thought it was ignorance kept you here,' said he, leading her into the ball-room.

The dance was just finished as they entered, and the party were standing in groupes throughout the room.—'Mars and Adonis, I declare!' said a lady behind

Ellen — Ellen turned her head and saw her brother, who had just entered, advancing towards her, leaning upon the arm of a tall elegant man in regimentals.—Captain Legoxton, whispered Ellen's heart; and in spite of herself, a crimson dye overspread her face. Sir Frederick advanced, and introduced Captain Legoxton to Mr. Cavendish and his sister. The blush had not yet left the cheeks of Ellen. Sir Frederick smiled, and glanced at his friend: Ellen fixed her eyes on the ground: Lady Burhop was standing near Ellen when her brother approached. She turned pale, her heart whispered that Frederick Montgomery was as dear to her as ever. He was a thousand times more handsome than when he left England. Her eye fell upon her lord: she turned hastily away. He never looked so mean and contemptible as at that moment, and she felt, too late, that wealth nor titles cannot always give happiness to the possessor.

Sir Frederick was pale, and had the look of ill health: the heart of Lady Burhop fondly whispered it might be for her. He turned round and beheld her. Lady Burhop trembled, and shrunk from the glance of his piercing black eye. Leaving his sister, he approached, and inquired, how she did: Lady Burhop's answer was low and undistinct. Sir Frederick, without noticing her confusion, passed on, and joined some other ladies. Lady Burhop sighed; the illusion was gone; he no longer loved her: to escape from her own thoughts, which told her she might have been the happy wife of Sir Frederick Montgomery, she plunged with avidity into the gay scene, and a disinterested observer would have pronounced her the happiest as well as the loveliest of the brilliant throng. Captain Legoxton remained with Ellen, to the no small mortification of several other misses, who longed to be introduced to the handsome officer. The dancing began again, and Captain Legoxton requested the hand of Ellen, and led her from her seat. Sir Frederick did not dance; he strolled into the card-room, and amused himself, wandering from table to table.

'Why, Frederick,' said Mrs. Cavendish, coming up to him, 'why are you not dancing?'

'Mere laziness,' returned Sir Frederick; 'I am not in a dancing humor to-night.'

'Well then, why don't you join the card-table?'

'You know I hate cards.'

'Pshaw,' said Mrs. Cavendish, 'you are neither useful nor ornamental.'

'Two very great failings in the fashionable world,' returned Sir Frederick, smiling; 'but how comes it, that you are neither the one nor the other to-night?'

'For a very good reason; I have lost all my money already, and they won't let me play on credit.'

'What a gambler you are,' said her brother: 'If I were Mr. Cavendish, I would not allow you to touch a card.'

'But, thank my stars, you are not Mr. Cavendish; come, give me your arm, and let us take a peep at the dancers.'

'There is Ellen, dear girl,' said Sir Frederick, 'Captain Legoxton seems to please her.'

'Please her!' repeated Mrs. Cavendish; 'what in the world would please her, if a handsome

red coat did not; upon my word, I am afraid his gold epaulettes have stole away the poor girl's heart.'

'I should have no objection to a fair exchange,' said Sir Frederick.

'I think they seem mutually pleased with each other,' said Mrs. Cavendish, 'if one may judge from the constant conversation that is carried on between them. Pray look, Frederick, at your successful rival; (pointing to the Earl of Burhop) it will be a reflection on your gallantry for ever your suffering his spindle-shanked lordship to carry away the prize.'

Sir Frederick smiled.

'I hope that smile does not insinuate that Sir Frederick Montgomery intends to cut a conspicuous figure in Doctors' Commons; remember the commandment—'covet not thy neighbour's wife.''

'No, no,' returned Sir Frederick, laughing; 'I can assure you I have no design to break that commandment; I do not envy the Earl of Burhop.'

'I am glad to hear that,' said Mrs. Cavendish; 'but was not there once a little penchant that way?'

'I don't deny it,' answered Sir Frederick; 'but it is long since gone, and left not a trace behind; I admire her as a beautiful woman, but nothing more.'

'If I were the Earl of Burhop,' said Mrs. Cavendish, 'I should be half tempted to be jealous of Colonel Manbury; look how the countess flirts with the red coat!'

'Why, she is only making good the truth of your assertion,' said Sir Frederick; what woman could withstand, or not be pleased with, a red coat?'

'You are an impudent fellow,' returned Mrs. Cavendish; 'if we were not in public, I should make no scruple of boxing your ears for you.'

'You are not going to come to blows, I hope,' said Captain Legoxton, who at that moment approached with Ellen: 'in what has Sir Frederick been so unlucky as to offend you?'

'Why, Legoxton,' said Sir Frederick, 'you are partly to blame yourself; it is about red coats we have quarreled.'

'Don't believe him,' rejoined Mrs. Cavendish, 'he is jealous of your superior attractions; that is the truth I assure you.'

'I shall believe you, madam,' said Captain Legoxton, bowing with mock gravity.

'Has your ladyship been dancing?' asked Mrs. Cavendish of the Countess of Burhop, who approached, leaning on Colonel Manbury's arm.

'Yes, I went down two or three couple,' replied her ladyship affectedly, 'but the heat was so insufferable, that I was obliged to give it up.—In the name of all that is wonderful, Miss Montgomery, how could you bear the fatigue of dancing down the whole set?'

'O, it did not fatigue me in the least,' answered Ellen; 'I am ready to dance another one down.'

'Good heavens!' exclaimed her ladyship, 'what must you be made of?'

'Of the same materials as your ladyship,' said captain Legoxton; 'but infinitely more purified,' in a whisper to Sir Frederick.

'I remember two or three years ago, you would have thought nothing of dancing down twenty couple,' said Mrs. Cavendish.

O, heavens!' exclaimed lady

Burhop; 'who would recollect what they did two or three years back; it is enough to make me faint, to think of the horrid life I led at the Park; I declare, it makes me shudder even to think of it.'

'Your early friends are much obliged to you,' said Sir Frederick, bowing.

'You are still the same satirical wretch you ever were,' said her ladyship.

'I never knew satire to be one of my brother's accomplishments before,' said Ellen.

'But every body knows,' rejoined Captain Legoxton, 'that the Countess of Burhop has a discerning eye,—he glanced at the earl—and can find out perfections where none else can.'

'Captain Legoxton's compliments are always fine,' said Lady Burhop, spitefully. The captain bowed, and thanked her. 'Come, colonel,' said the countess, 'let us look at the card-players.'

'I am sure she observed your glance,' said Mrs. Cavendish; 'I foresee you will lose your place in her ladyship's good graces.'

'That would be dreadful,' returned the captain; 'I could never exist under her displeasure.'

'Then you may go and hang yourself directly,' said Sir Frederick; for she frowned a horrible frown at you as she left us.'

'Ellen,' said Mr. Cavendish, joining the party, 'I am sent by your mother, to escort you to her, she is going home.'

'It is not at all late,' said Captain Legoxton, in a tone of disappointment; 'I expected the pleasure of dancing down another dance with Miss Montgomery.'

'I am very sorry to disappoint you,' said Ellen, 'but I must go; my mother has staid as long as she could, I am sure.'

'But, perhaps,' said Captain Legoxton, 'Lady Montgomery might be prevailed on to stay a little longer.'

'O, no,' said Ellen, 'I beg you will excuse me; I would stay with much pleasure, but I cannot think of keeping my mother longer.'

'Since you are so determined, I will not press you any more,' said the Captain; 'but allow me to see you to your carriage.'

Ellen bowed assent, and bidding her sister good night, repaired to her mother. Captain Legoxton first handed Lady Montgomery into her carriage, and then Ellen. Pressing her hand, he raised it respectfully to his lips, and said in a low voice, 'I shall think it an age till I see you.'

Ellen blushed; Lady Montgomery hoped to see him soon at her house, and the carriage drove off. Lady Montgomery spoke highly in Captain Legoxton's praise, all the way home. Ellen replied only in monosyllables, though her heart acknowleged that she had found him but too agreeable. Wishing her mother good night, she repaired to her chamber, and ringing for her maid, began to undress.

[*To be continued.*]

THE MASQUERADE.

[*An Extract from the Novel intitled,—The Forest of Montalbano, lately published.*]

[Continued from p. 466.]

AND now, while answering the benevolent inquiries of Father Patrick, and the tender ones of

Conte Hilário, with assurances that she was quite recovered, Angelina suddenly again beheld her semblance, followed by a crowd of men; herself evidently in pursuit of a pilgrim, who as evidently appeared retreating from her, and who, with majestic mein and step, intuitively advanced to the spot where our attractive peasant was standing with her companions.

In a voice which was unquestionably meant to strike every ear as a feigned one, the rapidly-advancing counterfeit of Angelina exclaimed—

'O pilgrim! fly me not, I conjure you!—Stay, oh! stay, even one short moment, to hear the effusions of a grateful heart, enthusiastic in friendship and admiration of your heroic valor, so forcibly displayed in your gallant rescue of me from the snares of villany.'

This premeditated speech announcing to all who understood it's allusions that the pilgrim was the proscribed Conte di Alviano, many in real horror at his presence, and many more affecting a glow of virtuous contempt they never experienced on the retrospection of their own misdeeds, precipitately fled the spot which he contaminated; whilst he himself, indignant at an impostor which his accurate observation of the lovely original she copied had given him power instantly to detect, replied to her inviting kindness, disclaiming all knowlege of her, and in no gentle tones of courtesy—his indignation not a little heightened by the discovery she had made of his presence to all, since that discovery threatened annihilation to all the hope-reared visions which had led him thither.

'Nay,' replied the persevering impostor, 'disdain not one whom you have laid under the most incalculable obligations;—nay, gentle pilgrim, forfeit not my esteem by such unkindness: I only ask one moment's conference with you in the more retired haunts of yonder sombre grove, ere you retreat to that shrine your penitent steps would lead you to.'

'If those steps would lead you to the shrine of Virtue, pilgrim, turn from that false votary, and seek it in the citron groves of Naples, whither those honest peasants will conduct you,' said a female, advancing towards Conte di Alviano, and pointing to the group of which Lady Angelina formed one.

For a moment the voice which thus accosted him aroused the astonished attention of Fredrico, and riveted his eyes upon the speaker; who, modeled in one of the most perfect moulds of female beauty, appeared before him in the most resplendent dress that wealth and fancy ever formed to portray the habit of a sylph. The rich treasures of the earth seemed here combined to adorn surpassing loveliness, and emulate attire appropriate for a celestial wearer.

The eyes of every gazer seemed now, like Frederico's, enthralled by admiration. Again the resplendently-clad sylph waved her silver wand, with fascinating grace, towards Lady Angelina:

'Pilgrim,' she said, 'would you seek the shrine of Virtue, yonder pure votary will conduct you safely to it.....Sent from the spheres to watch over individual happiness, I must hasten to fulfil my further mission....False semblance of innocence you are detected..... Pilgrim, pursue my counsel.'

And now, with a graceful bow of adieu, she bent her light footsteps, assimulating with the character she had assumed, towards the castle, pursued by Angelina's hitherto remaining gazers, attracted from her by the ever-alluring incentive of novelty. The impostor, finding she was, indeed, detected here, fled to perform her part where such penetration might not await her; and at this moment, too, Conte Hilario was called off by his father to a private conference, upon the best plans of operation against this shameless imposture, without implicating his own family in the treachery of planning it, of which he had not himself a doubt.

The second impressive waving of the sylph's magic wand sent the obedient eyes of Fredrico to turn to an object who, like the sylph herself, could not but rivet the gaze of admiration. One movement alone of Angelina's head, as she turned to answer a question of her reverend protector, conveyed to the comprehensive bosom of the conte conviction that the lovely friend who had attracted him to that, but for her, shunned scene of revelry, was to be found behind the shadowing mask of this most beauteous semblance of a peasant-girl.

With eager steps he bent his rapid way to the side of the lovely Angelina, now vacated by the absence of Conte Hilario; and, in a thrilling tone of deeply-felt interest, he said, as gracefully he bowed the homage of profound respect.

'Directed by a celestial missionary, I approach my fair conductress to the shrine of Virtue; but, if I mistake not the site of that temple, the way will prove neither long nor devious, since I shall here find her most sacred sanctuary, in the pure heart of the lovely child of my once most valued friend!'

'One attribute of Virtue I had hoped you would have promptly found in that temple, where you have so gallantly enshrined her—and that was gratitude,' replied the tremulously-agitated Angelina; 'but, alas! after anxiously seeking you in every new mask I beheld, that I might express all my accumulated thanks for past and present kindnesses, I find my gratitude now, with invincible covetousness, recalls all my feelings of thankfulness back to her own repository in my heart, and refuses to part with one of them.'

Conte Fredrico in gazing on the striking beauties of Angelina's matchless figure, and in listening to the thrilling magic of her touching voice, as, melted by her gratitude, she impressively addressed him, became so completely enthralled by fascination, that for some moments he appeared to have lost the faculty of speaking, or the recollection that some reply was necessary.

After a pause of anxious expectation, Angelina spoke again, and apprehensively said, 'Surely I have not mistaken the person whom I have thus addressed, since your voice incontestibly announced you to be my preserver—my friend!'

'Your friend! oh, Lady Angelina!' the conte replied in tremulous emotion; 'yes, assuredly I am, since you honor me with the permission to avow it, indeed your friend: yet, forgetful of all that friendship's precepts would inspire, I was, like a vain, a frantic visionary, soaring in the pre-

sumptuous regions of fancy's impossibilities, and, for a moment, lost every recollection of all things in the world, but—but—' continued the conte, in varying emotion, striving to regain, by one great effort at self-possession, the fast-fleeting power of still preserving those secrets of his bosom he wished not yet to betray—'but my folly; and so in silence left you, my lovely friend, to conjecture, that joy at finding you after two tedious hours of fruitless search, with gratitude on learning there yet existed one estimable being who deemed me worthy of a thought, had turned my brain, not lately used to pleasurable reflections, and transformed me at once into insensate idiotism.'

The heart of Angelina, throbbing in a joyful tumult of sensations, awakened by the dawning of a conviction that it's dearest hope was realising, now announced to her that her firmness was at present inadequate to a tranquil articulation, yet not to speak she feared would betray a consciousness of the cause of Fredrico's silence and emotion; besides too, situated as he was, scorned and shunned by a calumniating world, every thing like inattention to him she thought unkind; and for the interesting Fredrico di Alviano she cherished no disposition towards unkindness.

And while Angelina hesitated to make her mental inquiry, 'if she yet, or yet, had power to speak composedly?' the throbbing of her bosom vibrated it's thinly-textured covering, and the varying changes of all of her sentitive complexion which her mask did not conceal were evident to the eye of ardently-attentive observation, and Fredrico, in breathless expectation of what all this agitation portended, listened in tremulous anxiety for the silver sound of her voice of magic to convey something yet coveted, in confirmation of that fondly-cherished hope his heart, in defiance of many arbitrary, forbidding discouragements, fervently panted for, but which his rectitude, under the calamity of existing circumstances, trembled in apprehension at receiving.

But soon her wishes to find it so, yielded to Angelina the flattering belief that every emotion of her bosom was perfectly amenable to control, and, with an effort at cheerfulness, she answered with playful raillery the supposed effect of Conte di Alviano's joy, on finding her where so little doubt existed of meeting her.

Fredrico, eager to escape from the spells of a fascinating temptation to betray what rectitude commanded him to conceal, gladly followed Angelina in the path of sportive conversation; but, although their vivacity was only assumed, they continued the semblance of it through an animated dialogue upon a thousand pleasing trifles; yet while, beneath the veil of gaity, they playfully discussed each trivial theme, the feeling heart was not concealed, which struggled to suppress the ebullitions of it's tender passion.

At length Conte Hilario returned, when, hastily approaching Lady Angelina, he proclaimed, in a voice of unequivocal tenderness, 'the misery his father had unwittingly inflicted upon him, by dooming him to so many tedious moments of absence from his lovely charge.'

Angelina, attracted by no sym-

pathy to comprehend tones that felt no respondent vibration in her bosom, heard them uninformed of the passion they indicated, and would have answered them with the careless raillery adapted to meet the unmeaning flights of common-place gallantry, had not a deep groan of anguish, which burst spontaneously from the heart of Fredrico, startled her, and alarmed her into silent amazement.

Father Patrick had been, although a silent, not an inactive observer of all that passed in the short *tête-à-tête* of Lady Angelina and the graceful pilgrim; and in his mental annotations upon the volumes of implied matter which their half-suppressed sighs, their short unfinished sentences, and mutual emotion, revealed, he formed conclusions of his own, which led him on to pity both, and now to befriend them; and, although forming no conjecture of who Fredrico was, yet upon the signal of the pilgrim's groan, he dexterously contrived, by the arbitrary influence of curiosity, to arrest the beautiful Hilario's undivided attention to a fair Circassian, who seemed to regard him with no common share of admiration.

Fredrico promptly seised these precious moments, so unexpectedly given to him, for speaking, without a witness, to his lovely friend; and, panting with painfully-agitated anxiety, he exclaimed—

" Oh, Lady Angelina! is it—can it, indeed, be possible—the intelligence I have received, true—that a Tolmezo—(for the fine form of this attending young peasant informs me he is the Conte Hilario)—is authorised by you thus publicly to display himself as your avowed suitor?'

' A Tolmezo! my authorised suitor, my lord!—oh! no, believe me,' Angelina impressively replied, in a tone of wounded pride that would not seek concealment; ' nor is Conte Hilario such, I trust, even sanctioned or unsanctioned.'

' Will you pardon me, amiable as lovely friend,' returned Fredrico, in tremulous agitation, ' if, impelled by that ardent regard which could actuate a tender brother's zeal to serve, to admonish a beloved sister of impending evil, I announce to you that I have been informed, by unquestionable authority, that Conte Lorenzago has destined you for the wife of his son?'

Angelina started in recoiling amazement. ' Yes,' continued Fredrico, ' destined the lovely, the illustrious Angelina, for the wife of his son! Forgive my presumption, my most prized—most interesting friend, in daring to advise, to warn you of what, in my calculations, I term impending evil. Conte Hilario's attractive graces are brilliantly dazzling—nay more, they are, I believe, of intrinsic value; his father's machinations deep and wary, and often invincibly successful; whilst I—I, the proscribed of society, with every claim upon the estimation of the good, wrested by ruthless fate from me—I dare not plead with you for.....any man.....But, even consistently with my bitter recollection of the awful distance which fate has placed between you and.....those who possess not a fame as unblemished as your own, I may surely, surely venture to remind you, a Tolmezo, however eminently gifted by nature, would

not have been the chosen of my matchless friend for the daughter he adored.'

The almost-convulsive emotion of Fredrico was too visible to the sympathising Angelina, not rapidly to operate in awakening her prompt anxiety to lull his every apprehension; and she had eagerly commenced, although faltering was the voice she could utter them in, the most positive assurances, 'that Conte Hilario had just as little chance of her approbation as a suitor, as he would have had of her father's,' when Fredrico, in an agony of chagrin and alarm, exclaimed—

'Alas! how for ever am I persecuted! ruthlessly am I now torn from that precious balm, so gently, sweetly, benignly, pouring on my bleeding wounds!.....The duchessa di Montalbano and her satellite train are advancing hither; I have been, I know not how, discovered to them, for I saw them point me out to your base counterfeit, who, at their command I doubt not, announced me to the recoiling multitude: for worlds I would not have your immaculate fame sullied by one contaminating breath of that infamy which blasts my happiness;—you must not be seen by them in converse with me. Adieu, adieu, then, my fascinating friend! but if it is in the power of man to evade the second recognition of me, you shall see me again ere I depart, since I have much of moment to inform you of.' And now, winged with all the anxiety he felt to secure her from the peril of that censure his society would entail upon her, Fredrico darted from the side of Angelina down an unlit path, where soon, in illimitable darkness, he was lost to view.

But where shall we find language to describe the conflict of emotion he left behind him, in the palpitating bosom of Lady Angelina! The tumultuous tide of joy on hoping, nay, almost believing, she was beloved by Fredrico, would have sent it's raptures through her dilating heart, bearing down every other feeling, had not the direful recollection of his peculiar situation (which even enforced him still to veil his attachment), precluding every expectation of one cheering ray of auspicious hope to beam upon his love, chilled the current of her joy; and by it's sympathising influence awakening every desponding thought, she, quickly anticipating all evil, passed prompt sentence upon their mutual fate, consigning both for ever to the hopeless misery of unpropitious love.

With a mind depressed by such torturing conclusions, Angelina would have flown to the sanctuary of her own apartments, to mourn for peace which now seemed to her for ever vanished, had not Fredrico's promise of seeing her again, yet sounding in her ears, still chained her to the scene of revelry, to await, in anxious, painful expectation, the chances of his escaping the second detection of the duchessa's malicious demons of prescience.

At length Angelina, almost wearied out of patience at her successless observation of each new mask she saw approaching her in the grounds, still fondly hoping it might prove Fredrico, announced to her companions her wish of re-entering the castle, when instantly she was safely conducted there; where long she had not pursued her search of wist-

fully-gazing inquiry, when Conte Lorenzago joined her, and was just proceeding to inform her of all he meditated in hostility against the usurper of her form, when he was suddenly interrupted by the beauteous sylph, who, swiftly approaching, thus addressed him:—

'Guardian of innocence! lead your precious charge instantly by that way your knowlege of the castle instructs you how to enter by, into the banqueting-room, and there be in readiness to place her, with your whole party, at *la duchessa*'s own table. Be wary, be faithful, or ambition ne'er shall crown a project for you with success:' then turning gracefully to Angelina, said,

'Chaste and lovely being, whom malice seeks to injure, as you prize the bright jewel of unsullied fame, brave the gaze of an admiring multitude, hush the painful delicacy of sweet, retiring, blushing bashfulness, and appear at the table of *la duchessa* with a face uncovered....Obey,' she gently added—'obey, at the peril of a spotless fame:' and now, swiftly retiring from them, she quickly vanished from their view, amid a gathering group of masks now assembling near the supper-rooms, to be in readiness to evince a prompt obedience to the summons to them.

'This fair sylph issues her mandates with the mysteriousness of a divine missionary, and performs all with admirably characteristic ease,' said Lorenzago. 'There is certainly the fair promise of good policy in her advice, since in what more conspicuous place than the duchessa's table could our lovely charge convict the daring impostor, by unshading the matchless face of the fascinating reality? and therefore I will obey the celestial guardian of innocence, if my fair ward object not.'

Angelina, wishing to yield implicit obedience in all things to her incognita friend, whom her heart gratefully acknowleged beneath the habit of an immaterial being, unhesitatingly pronounced her approbation of Conte Lorenzago's meditated compliance with the fair sylph's impressively-delivered mandate.

Lorenzago now, therefore, taking his agitated charge by the hand, preceded Father Patrick and Conte Hilario to a privat[e] door of admission, through which the domestics had free egress and regress, to give the last finish to the preparing banquet; where entering, he placed himself and party conveniently for mingling w[ith] the first crowd, admitted with [la] duchessa from another priv[ate] door.

Conte Lorenzago, anxious to evince unwearied zeal in her service, advised that Lady Angelina and her faithful esquires should not unmask until they had been some time seated at supper, for then their act of doing so would be more likely to attract general attention than if done previously to the company's being seated at table; and Angelina, caring little about what particular moment she displayed her face to public inspection, acquiesced in this arrangement, and patiently sat listening without interest to the homage of the two contes, until the duchessa's entrance door unclosed, when our little party, adroitly mingling with the rushing in tide, were seated at Minora's table, amid her chosen guests, just as

the general admission doors were opened for the remainder of this numerous assemblage.

For several moments the attention of every one was engaged, by the arranging of apparently an ill-assorted mixture of company at each table of the banquet, so that it was not immediately the Duchessa di Montalbano observed the object of her evening's envy, with her whole party, unbidden guests, at her own individual table, sacred to her own particular friends and allies.

Roused to the most ungovernable indignation at what she considered so presumptuous an intrusion, she loudly complained of it's impropriety to her uncle Ezzelino, who stood near her, and who, in ostentatious reverence to his sacred function, assumed neither mask nor character for the night, affecting to deem such an appearance of levity incompatible with his holy station.

This complaint of the duchessa's, and her orders to her uncle for removing the transgressing party, were delivered in a tone so audible, that every one near her learning her thoughts and commands, instantly leveled their undeviating gaze at the obnoxious group; who themselves were totally unconscious of what was passing relative to them, since their astonished attention was wholly arrested by the semblance of Angelina, led in by a grand and martial figure cased in the armor of a croisading knight, in whom they all at once recognised Vasco Tolmezo, and who seated himself and companion at the duchessa's table, exactly opposite to our Neapolitan peasants.

'Caution!' softly articulated Lorenzago; 'let us delay unmasking until we develop something more of this extraordinary signore's designs.'

But that delay was not allowed them, for Ezzelino, in sanctimonious solemnity reprehending this shameless breach of respect and propriety, stalked consequentially round to the offending group, and, addressing his disguised nephew Lorenzago, as the principal of the presumptuous set of defaulters, demanded, in a tone and with a look of overwhelming arrogance,

'By whose invitation he and his associates sat at the Duchessa di Montalbano's own appropriate table?'

'First,' replied Lorenzago full as arrogantly, but completely disguising his voice—'First answer me, most reverend judge in the court of *equity*, by whose authority yonder boarder of the grey order of Santo Valentino sits at the table of *la duchessa?*'

'Who,' returned Ezzelino, haughtily, 'can question the right of Lady Angelina di Balermo to a distinguished place of honor at the Duchessa di Montalbano's table?'

'Certainly no one ought!—Then why did the reverend and ever-correct Father Ezzelino do it?' said Lady Angelina, gracefully, but blushingly, taking off her mask.

'Or why,' said Lorenzago ironically, while taking off his, 'did that sapient *padre* dispute a *brother*'s right to feast at a *sister*'s banquet?....Come, off with your obscuring clouds, Father O'Carrol, and Conte Hilario of Tolmezo, and show this reverend sire you have not *usurped* the right of sitting here.'

The Duchessa di Montalbano,

totally unprepared for such a direful wound to her torturing envy, as beholding Angelina in the fascinating, all-attractive form of unrivaled beauty, splendor in dress, and taste in adornment, whose superior allurements had taught her to sicken with the pangs of agonising jealousy for so many hours of that evening, no sooner beheld her face revealed, than, in rage and agitation too powerful for concealment, she uttered a shrilling shriek, and fell in a strong hysteric fit into the arms of the Marchese di Cantazaro.

General now were the murmurs of consternation awakened by the duchessa's shriek; numbers flocked around her table to offer assistance, or to learn the source of a cry so indicative of anguish; when, availing herself of the advantage this universal throng and confusion afforded her, the wary sylph, to prove herself indeed the guardian of innocence, placed herself immediately behind the counterfeit of Angelina, and, by an ingenious movement of her wand, contrived to sever the string which fastened on this impostor's mask, which in consequence instantly fell from her face upon the table, and discovered to the numerous assemblage of eagerly-observing gazers the well-known countenance of Signora Rosa Franchesis, a celebrated courtezan and admired opera-dancer of Florence.

'D——n!' audibly vociferated the almost-infuriated Vasco, springing from his seat and rushing after the retreating sylph, on whom he vowed with bitter imprecations to wreak his signal vengeance; but the intervening crowd, through his own uncourteous impetuosity, purposely now impeded his way, while all united in favoring the escape of the rapidly-receding sylph.

Lorenzago, unlike his brother, was ever warily alive to his own and his family's fame, even in the most ungovernable moments of discomposure. Indignation would now have promptly led him to reiterate the vehement exclamation of Vasco, on beholding Rosa di Franchesis in the representative of his intended daughter, had he not instantly anticipated disgrace attached to every Tolmezo from this diabolically invidious incident. For some amazed moments he stood irresolutely meditating upon what plan to pursue, for ingenuity to find emollients for his family's present atrocious misdeed, and only certain in the propriety of asking no questions of the undaunted Rosa, on whom his eyes, in this instance not amenable to control, flashed the fierce flames of indignant anger; until that shameless woman, irritated by his angry glances, burst into a loud laugh of provoking defiance, confidently exclaiming—

'Look not your flaming displeasure at me, angry signore! as if you considered me presumptuous in coming hither; but, on mine honor, I was bidden to the feast. My ticket, my dress, and one hundred pistoles, invited me hither, to personate the Lady Angelina di Balermo; but had I sooner seen the model I was set to copy, I should more sedulously have studied every grace, to better suit me for the undertaking. By accident, or by Lady Angelina's friends, the counterfeit has been discovered; and being in consequence no longer useful to my employers, I shall instantly take my departure. No possible

censure can attach to me for acting what I am not;—I live by the mimic art: and, in gay scenes like these, we professional people are often hired to aid the project or amusements of our employers; and so dexterously did I perform the part I was this night hired for, that had the imposture not been so publicly detected, I should, as my employers wished it, have left behind me the fame of Lady Angelina di Balermo as nearly blasted as my own.' And now undauntedly rising, and looking around with an alluring smile, she added,

'And now, *signori*, which of you will have the gallantry to hand me to my carriage?'

Although every upright mind turned in horror and disgust from this bold and diabolical impostor, yet in so large an assemblage there were not wanting many profligate characters, who, feeling no contempt for vice, shrunk not from paying homage to it; so that scarcely had the ruby lips of Signora Rosa invited an escort, ere she found one.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

On the Education *of* Country Gentlemen.

(By Mr. Edgeworth.)

MORE than one illustrious foreigner has envied the happiness of our English country gentlemen; more than one foreign prince has exclaimed—'The life of an English country gentleman is assuredly the happiest life in the world.'

When we reflect on the condition of English country gentlemen, we must perceive that much of their happiness has arisen from their independence of mind, and much from their maintaining what are called *independent fortunes*. It was long their boast, their honest pride, to despise show and frippery, to do without the luxuries of a city, yet to live hospitably, and in a manner becoming their station. They paid their debts regularly. They thanked God that they were independent of all men, and could speak their minds freely on every subject, public or private, without fear or reward. Between this independence of mind and of fortune, there is such an intimate connexion, that the one must be destroyed if the other be sacrificed. If country gentlemen, from the desire to make a figure in the metropolis, or to outshine their neighbours, enter into contests of extravagance and scenes of fashionable dissipation; if, instead of living upon their own estates, and attending to their own affairs, they crowd to water-drinking places, and think only of hazard or Newmarket, the consequences must be the ruin of their private fortunes, and the forfeiture of their political integrity. Instead of being their country's pride, and the bulwark of her freedom, they will become the wretched slaves of a party, or the despicable tools of a court. They will be contemned and ridiculed by their superiors in rank, whom with unequal steps they awkwardly pursue. They will be detested by their neighbours, their inferiors, their tenantry, their dependents, and by the nation whose interests they abandon or betray. For when*

country gentleman has lived beyond his income, what is his resource? Not trade; not business of any kind. To that he cannot stoop; for this he is not qualified. He has no resource but to sell his vote, if he be in parliament; or if he be not, to solicit and bargain, perhaps by his county interest, with parliamentary friends, who may provide for his sons or procure for him the means of repairing his shattered fortune. But what can restore his independence of mind?

How much the noblest virtues depend on the smallest, can be thoroughly known only to those who have looked closely into the secret motives of human actions. The great, the brilliant, and the solid virtues of integrity, patriotism, and generosity, cannot long subsist unless they be supported and protected by the seemingly insignificant and homely habits of prudence and œconomy.

If this were a treatise on political œconomy, it might be necessary here to define the term luxury; by some writers it is used to signify every thing beyond the mere necessaries of life; with others it comprehends chiefly the objects of the fine arts; and, with others, whatever implies effeminacy of manners. But it is by no means certain that a taste for luxury diminishes the martial spirit of a people, and to restrict men to the necessaries of life, would be to destroy commerce, and to reduce them to a state of Spartan simplicity, equally incompatible with modern ideas of happiness and modern systems of defence. The principle of the Lacedæmonian system of defending a country seems to have been, to deprive it of all that could tempt an invader. In modern times, Sparta and the life of a Lacedæmonian would scarcely appear worth fighting for; and it would be bad policy in these days, even if it were possible, to restrict the pleasures of life to that of bare existence, to reduce the love of our country, embellished by commerce and the arts to mere habitual attachment to the natal soil. It is not in the Spartan, nor yet in the ascetic sense of the term, that luxury is here used.

Luxury, in fact, is a word that must vary in every age, and in every country, with the progress of civilisation: it is not a positive but a comparative term; for what is luxury in one rank of life is not luxury in another, and the luxuries of yesterday become the necessaries of to-day: no general or permanent definition therefore can be precise. Sumptuary laws, which have attempted to define luxuries, have always been absurd and incompetent. On this subject common opinion is the only standard; and as this varies with circumstances, so must the conduct of individuals. In every rank and situation, there is a certain style in living, in houses, equipage, furniture, which is usual to persons of that class. Whoever, in any one of these things vies with persons of a superior station, and passes the bounds of his rank and fortune, may be justly accused of being luxurious and extravagant. Those who consider the wealth of nations as the first object, are right in wishing to encourage this species of luxury, and to speak of it as tending only to the quick transfer of property and division of estates; but those who consider the happiness of nations as an ob-

ject far preferable to that of wealth, will wish rather to preserve their moral independence, which must be sacrificed in these tastes for extravagance.

In the education of country gentlemen, therefore, early care should be taken to prevent their acquiring tastes that may render them extravagant. The first means to be used are of a preventive nature. Parents should avoid giving children false notions of the value of things by praising objects of mere luxury, by anxiety about external appearance, and by deference to wealth and show. They should not teach by example that ornament is to be preferred to utility, and that people of fashion are superior to other mortals. All who have attended to children know how early they catch notions from those they live with, and how quickly they form deductions from casual expressions of admiration or contempt. By a few well-timed words of praise or blame, parents may infuse a noble and rational pride into the minds of youth, raise them above that petty emulation in expence which ruins the happiness of families, and prepares the destruction of kingdoms. Magnificent houses and furniture, and parks, and equipages, and great entertainments, and fashionable company, are desired not so much for the pleasure they really afford, as for the distinction they confer. Men are, we see, as proud of plain coats as of gold and embroidery, according as the one or the other happens to be the mode; and in the same manner one person may be proud of paying his debts, and living within his income, while another is vain of bilking duns, and spending twice as much as he is worth. Young people may be taught to consider certain good qualities as greater distinctions than those external marks of wealth, of which the generality are so ambitious. From his childhood, the son of a country gentleman should hear and see in his own family that independence is respected; principles of honor, and the first feelings of generosity, should be joined in his young mind with the habits of œconomy. He should be encouraged to give, but never to waste, his playthings, his clothes, his money, or any thing that can be useful to himself or others. He should be taught a few honest maxims, of which he will feel the virtue and force when he begins to reason and act for himself. He should learn that a gentleman ought to live within his income, and to pay his debts; that he should scorn to take a bribe, or to be the hanger on of a court. These are wholesome truths, which once fixed in a boy's mind, will form a firm foundation for the plain character of a country gentleman. Even before a child can have an accurate idea of what constitutes a good master, a good landlord, or a good magistrate, his ambition may be excited to become what his ancestors have been before him, or what his parents and friends commend and respect. These impressions may be made without formal lessons, by seising proper opportunities as they occur. If the child hear his father speak to the domestics or tenants, or country people in the neighbourhood, with kindness; if the boy sees that his father exerts himself to improve their houses, to add to their comforts, to prevent them from disputing, and to

do justice among them, he will early acquire some notions of the true duty of a country gentlemen: and if he hear his father's dependants and neighbours speak of him with gratitude and respect, he will even in his childhood be touched by these praises, and will probably resolve to imitate his father's conduct, when *he grows up to be a man*. Many things occur between the forming and keeping such a resolution; but it is well even to have formed it. Such impressions may be weakened by time, or apparently effaced by succeeding events; but it often happens that notions which seem to have been obliterated, recur when people are placed in circumstances similar to those in which the thoughts were first introduced into the mind. Much has been attributed to hereditary propensities, which arise from the recollection of examples seen in childhood. These recur to the mind at the ages when they can be imitated: hence it has often been observed, that children who had no resemblance to their parents when they were young, become like them when they grow older.

To strengthen the impressions made by example and conversation, preceptors and parents should select from books illustrations that may amuse while they instruct. The works of Goldsmith, of Day, and many periodical papers of Addison, are well suited to inspire a boy both with the independence of character, and the benevolent feelings and amiable manners which make a country gentleman beloved and respected.

The boy will hear conversations about elections and members of parliament; he may happen to see an election. The time should then be taken to impress on his mind the idea of the duties of a member of parliament, and to inspire his young soul with the generous sentiments of a true Briton. He should, for instance, hear the account of the Lord Treasurer Danby's visit in King Charles the Second's time, to the patriot Marvel, in his garret; he should hear, or he should read, of the noble firmness with which Marvel rejected the temptations that were presented to him. He refused a thousand pounds laid down before him, though he was at the time so poor that he was obliged to borrow a guinea of a friend, as soon as the lord treasurer departed. The boy should hear also of the independent patriot who was found by Sir Robert Walpole supping upon a cold shoulder of mutton, a circumstance that convinced the minister that he could not succeed in any attempt to corrupt integrity that was supported by unblushing frugality. Anecdotes such as these are not above the capacity of boys of ten or twelve years old, for they require no knowlege of the world to be tasted; and the enthusiasm that generous conduct excites, is always most felt in early youth. A few such facts, related when the heart is warm, may make an indelible impression. The contrast to the sturdy respectable character may be shown in such lives as that of Sir Richard Steel, who, though he had excellent intentions, was so weak, so imprudent, and so extravagant, as to become utterly contemptible. Once, when he was reproached by Whirton, with his political venality, he replied, 'I must ride in a coach, but you can walk.'

This answer contains much in a few words. Anecdotes such as these, told at happy moments, will make a strong impression on the mind of youth; and thus, even when very young, the spirit of independence may be excited among children. All this must be effected by domestic education, during the years which boys spend at home before they are sent to school, and during the vacations which they pass with their parents. The heirs of opulent gentlemen should not be brought up in their father's house, or near their father's estate, lest they should imbibe undue ideas of their own importance, and grow up with the contracted notions common to persons who hear only of their own possessions, and see only their own dependants. Young squires are apt to fancy that there is nothing in the universe equal to their father's house, and their own neighbourhood; and that no opinions can be rational or right, but those which they have been accustomed to hear, from half a dozen domestic oracles. For this reason they should be sent to public schools, at a distance from their friends and connexions; where, mixing with strangers and equals, they will be forced to seek distinction by other merits than merely those of bearing a certain name, or being heir to a certain number of acres. Measuring themselves with others, they will learn of what small importance they are, and how very little the world thinks of those things, which have, perhaps, occupied their exclusive attention. These practical moral lessons, are some of the most salutary which a great school teaches; and they are peculiarly useful and necessary to boys who are not intended for any of those professions where continual competition keeps the self-importance of men in order, and where variety of circumstances must prevent them from contracting habits of dogmatising obstinacy. The obstinacy of ignorance and of imaginary self-importance, used to be one of the common ludicrous characteristics of our English squires; but the Sir Wilful of Congreve—the Western of Fielding—and the Tony Lumpkin of Goldsmith, are not now to be found in the most remote parts of England. The ignorant, hunting, drunken, obstinate, jovial, freedom-loving tyrant, is no more to be seen, except in old novels and plays. The ptarmigan, the bustard, the cock of the woods, and the country squire, are nearly extinct. Instead of country squires, we have now country gentlemen. The diffusion of knowlege, and the advantages of polite and literary education, have silently and gradually operated this melioration. They now beware, lest, to avoid the faults and foibles of their predecessors, they should run into the contrary extremes. It is said, that a Yorkshire country gentleman, not many years ago, gave an annuity of 300*l.* for the possession of a statue of Venus, the price of which he could not pay. It is true that the understanding cannot, in any class of men, be too much enlarged; but it may be too much refined; it may be misapplied to objects of little use to the possessor, in the situation in which he is destined to live. This must lead to the neglect of substantial duties, consequently to the degradation of the character of the individual. A youth may be

warned of this danger, but he should not be discouraged from cultivating a taste for painting, poetry, or for any of the fine arts or liberal sciences; provided his tastes do not lead him into extravagance; and provided he possess in theory, and apply in practice the knowlege that is peculiarly requisite to a master of a family, a landlord, a magistrate, a grand juror, an elector, and in the most comprehensive sense of the word, a good subject. The range of knowlege requisite to fulfil these duties with propriety, is much more extensive than can be conceived by men of contracted views. To be a good landlord, and a good magistrate, a man must not only have a desire to serve his tenants, and to do justice to all who appeal to him, but he must know how to be just and benevolent, otherwise he will be, as the proverb says, '*quanto buon che val niente;*' so good as to be good for nothing. The more conscious he is of right intentions, the more positive and active he will be in maintaining his opinions, and enforcing his authority; and the more obnoxious and dangerous he must consequently be to that portion of the community over which his power and influence extend. An opulent country squire might, for instance, *encourage* his tenants to improve their condition, by introducing intricate modes of agriculture; by directing industry into new channels; by bounties to foster infant manufactures; by charitable donations to those who have large families of children; by restraints upon emigration; by *regulating* markets; by raising or lowering the wages of labor: but a man who attempts any of those things, a man who attempts any one operation in political œconomy without understanding the principles of that science, runs the hazard of doing evil; he can do only partial good, and that merely by chance. Persons who have no knowlege on these subjects, are apt to mistake the very signs of prosperity in states as symptoms of decay, and are alarmed by alterations which are incident and necessary to countries in certain circumstances. For instance, the changes in the rate of interest, the putting down monopolies, the lowering the price of provision, or the disposition of tenantry to emigrate, have all been the subject of loud lamentation with short-sighted persons. A landlord who should act in consequence of his prejudices in these particulars, would injure not only his private interest and that of his tenants, but, as far as in him lay, would tend to retard the progress of civilisation in his country. These subjects are so intricate, and it is so hazardous to meddle with them, that even if the study of political œconomy were only to teach country gentlemen to refrain from rash interference, it would be of material service.

A DEFENCE OF WOMEN.

Written A. D. 1726.

Translated from the Spanish of Geronymo Feijoo;

BY ELENIR IRWIN.

CHAP. I.

WHILE I enter with alacrity upon the defence of the female

sex, I am aware how arduous is the undertaking: I am not merely preparing to encounter the prejudices of the vulgar, but in attempting a universal defence of one sex, I am in danger of a general censure from the other; as there are few men who do not please themselves in asserting their superiority in the scale of being; and many of them extend their contempt for women so far as to deny them almost every excellence. They think their minds peculiarly prone to vice, and their bodies subject to disease.

The point on which these objectors argue with the least reason, is the narrow limit of the female understanding; and therefore after I shall have given a concise refutation of their other attacks, I mean to speak more largely upon the capability of women to acquire the most abstruse sciences, and to ascend to the sublimest speculations.

The impostor Mahomet, who refused them an entrance into the paradise which he promised to his followers, limited their future felicity to the pleasure of contemplating, at an awful distance, the happiness enjoyed by their husbands in the arms of the *Hourie*, who are to be created for their reward by this great artificer of chimeras; and as a proof how much human nature can dispose itself to believe, their creed of delirium has been admitted in a considerable part of the world.

However, those who suppose it impossible for women to obtain salvation in a future life, are little less extravagant than those who refuse them every virtue in this. The most depraved among the crowd of their opponents attribute to them a horrible inclination to vice, and argue as if men were the only depositaries of purity; asserting that even the appearance of modesty is not to be depended on in creatures so degraded, and that their cheeks may be tinged with the blush of shame while voluptuousness pervades their hearts.

'Aspera si visa est, rigidasque imitata Sabinas belle, sed ex alto dissimulare puta.'

To such calumnies, silence and contempt are the best answer. Not a few of those who most frequently and forcibly paint the vices of women, have been remarked to be most assiduous in availing themselves of their weakness. Euripidas disgraces them in all his tragedies, and yet, according to Athenæus and Stobæus, he was much attached to their society; execrating them in the theatre, and idolising them in private. Boccacio too was their licentious adorer, at the moment when he wrote against them the bitter satire of '*Il Laberinto d'Amore.*' From hence we can only infer, either that he wished to conceal his attachment under the mask of contempt, or to avenge his satiety with the lash of reviling. Sometimes a virtuous repulse is punished with similar contumely; and there have been found men who were base enough to belie a woman's wisdom, because they could not make her 'stoop to folly;' while others, still more atrocious in their malice, have accused their fair refusers of capital crimes, and pursued them with detestable resentment, to the grave.

I do not deny that many women are vitious, but if the progress of their sins were to be traced, how

often would they be found to have originated in the perfidious blandishments of men! He who requires that all women should be pure, must first convert all men to virtue. Nature has given them an inherent modesty as a defence against the battery of sensuality, and it rarely happens that this parapet is destroyed from the interior of the citadel. The declarations against them which we find in some of the sacred writers, are only to be understood as applying to the perverted among them; and even if we were to consider such passages as relating to the whole sex, little would be proved from thence; the physicians of the mind may inveigh against women as those of the body do against fruits, which being useful and lovely in themselves, may yet lead the intemperate to evil: besides which, an orator may be allowed to exaggerate the danger when his object is to avoid eternal perdition.

Let those also who bring the writings of the fathers as proofs of the unworthiness of their daughters, inform me why the church gives peculiarly to women the appellation of *devout*, *('Devout and honorable women'—St. Paul.)* if it be not that they have naturally a greater inclination to piety than ourselves.

That women are the cause of all evil is become proverbial, without ceasing to be problematical; The assertors of this saying tell us that *La Caba* caused the ruin of Spain, and *Eve* that of the world. But their first example is entirely fallacious. Count Don Julian brought the Moors into Spain without having been persuaded to so fatal a measure by his daughter. She merely complained to her father of an affront she had received; and to whom can an insulted female apply for consolation with more innocence, or for protection with more confidence, than to her father? If injustice and intemperance be sometimes displayed in avenging her, the fault lies not with her who has been wronged, but with him whose zeal in her cause leads him to excess, and with the offender who first occasioned the awakening of his ire: and thus the men on each side divide the blame between them.

As for the example of Eve, if it prove women to be worse than men, it must by the same rule demonstrate angels to be worse than women; for though Adam was led into disobedience by a woman, the woman was first seduced from her allegiance by an angel; nor is it decided on which of our first parents the greater sin rests: the mother of mankind having been deceived by a being of superior intelligence and sagacity, had at any rate an exculpation which Adam could not offer, and which forms a considerable extenuation of her guilt.

CHAP. II.

I shall now consider the claims of the female sex to physical equality with our own, although some have regarded their softness and delicacy as so worthless when compared with strength and robustness, that they have believed the intention of nature is always to produce males, and that females are born from an occasional defect in her powers, which are not always adequate to the production of the noble sex. But if this hypothesis be admitted, we

must conclude that nature is intent on her own ruin, and hastening to decay, as the species can never be preserved without the existence of both sexes; and as she invariably sends more females than males into the world.

The first assertor of this absurd doctrine was Almerigues, a French philosopher of the twelfth century. He maintained that during a state of innocence all the human species would have been men, and that God would have formed them all from the dust, as he did Adam in the beginning; and these opinions may be traced to his study of Aristotle, who professed nearly the same opinions; but this similarity of error was a cause of posthumous disgrace to them both. The council of Paris, in 1209, publicly condemned the works of Almerigues, and prohibited the reading of Aristotle. The French philosopher died a year before the proscription of his dogmas; and his bones were disintered and cast to the crows. From hence we may learn how little weight our predecessors affixed to the authority of Aristotle in establishing the hypothesis of female imperfection; and we can judge what credit is due to his veracity, when we recollect, not only that he was passionately attached to two wives, but that he was so infatuated with the attractions of his first wife, Pythais*, that he offered incense to her as to a divinity. These absurdities, however, gave rise to a theological heresy, which is condemned by St. Augustin; it was that of supposing, that in the universal resurrection, these defective beings would be perfected by changing into the other sex, and that grace would, in this manner, complete the work which nature had left unfinished. This chimera is very similar to that of the Alchymists, who under the idea that in the generation of metals, nature always intends the production of gold, (and merely through a defect of power appears in baser metals) pretend that an art may be discovered which will assist her imperfection, and contribute to the formation of that precious ore. And even this conceit is more pardonable than the former: first, because it does not interfere with our religious opinions; and secondly, because, though art has failed to make it, gold is, undoubtedly, the noblest of metals. While, in the other assumption, all is indefensible; both that nature always endeavours to produce males, that her operation is abortive in females, and that they must, in the last day, be qualified for heaven, by a sexual transformation.

CHAP. III.

By what I have said, I would not be understood to encourage the exaggeration of *Zacutus Lusitanus*, who in his treatise *De Morbis Mulierum*, on the diseases of women, produces several frivolous arguments to prove their physical superiority to his own sex. More ingenious reasons than he adduces, might be brought in favor of this supposition; but I have not undertaken to elevate women to questionable heights, but to raise them from undue abasement, and to place them on a level with ourselves.

* Pythais was the daughter, or, as some say, the sister of Hermias, tyrant of Athens.

And to begin with the most obvious objections to my system, (setting aside for the present, the question of their understandings) I must acknowlege my fair clients to be inferior to men in *strength*, in *fortitude*, and in *prudence*: but while I concede these points, I assert that they are again raised to an equality with us by their greater *beauty*, *docility*, and *candor*.

Strength, which is a corporeal advantage, is at least counterbalanced by *beauty*, and if the eye alone were to decide the preference, the palm would be given to beauty. But if we attach more importance to public utility than to individual gratification, it seems as if strength would be entitled to claim it. The three pillars by which all governments are sustained—war, agriculture, and mechanics, receive an essential support from manly strength, while none but an accidental advantage can result to the public from female beauty; and some even agree, that so far from occasioning any benefit, it induces lamentable evils by the intrigues it foments, the competitions it excites, and the solicitudes, uneasinesses, and suspicions in which it involves those who are charged with it's custody. However, this accusation is unfounded, and must arise from a want of sufficient reflection. If all women were deformed, she who should be the least frightful, would possess the attraction which is now found in the most lovely; and would consequently occasion the same disorders. If she were placed in Greece, she would cause the conflagration of Troy, like Helen; if in the palace of King Rodrigo, she would bring on the ruin of Spain, like La Caba. In those countries of which the women are least graceful, intrigues occur as frequently as in those where they boast the greatest charms. And in Muscovy, which perhaps contains more beautiful women than all the other countries of Europe put together; there is less licentiousness than in any of them, and a stricter observance of conjugal fidelity. From hence I conclude, that beauty is not herself the author of the evils attributed to her; and if strength seem to be the more valuable qualification, she may console herself with the testimony of a learned and illustrious assembly, by which the WILL was acknowleged to be a more noble power than the understanding; for if strength, as the most estimable, obtains the suffrage of the understanding, beauty, as the most amiable, exerts the chief empire over the will.

The quality of *courage* by which men are ennobled, may be contrasted with that of *docility*, by which women are distinguished. It must, however, be remembered, that I do not now speak of either as *virtues*, for in that light they would not class among the physical recommendations of the two sexes. I merely consider them so far as they are inherent in the temperament in which light they are better characterised as flexibility or inflexibility of nature, than as fortitude or docility.

I shall be told that the flexibility of women often leads to indiscretion; and I answer that the firmness of men frequently degenerates into obstinacy. I allow that constancy to a worthy purpose, is the parent of much good; but it cannot be denied that ob-

stinacy, in error, occasions many evils. If I am told that an invincible adherence to good or to evil is the quality of angels, I reply, not only that this supposition has been denied by several eminent theologians, but that many properties which in superior natures proceed from their excellence, in inferior beings arise from their imperfections. According to St. Thomas, the angels of the highest hierarchies entertain the fewest ideas; and, in men, a paucity of ideas is an imperfection. If the angels were to study, it would be an impeachment of their understanding, while it does honor to that of men. We will therefore admit the qualities of flexibility and inflexibility to be of equal though of various merit, and proceed to weigh the *prudence* of men against the *candor* of women, though in truth the latter is the most worth. The human race would be much more improved by the candor than by the prudence of all it's individuals; and during the golden age, it was not composed of prudent men, but of artless ones. If it be objected that much of what passes in women for candor, is in reality indiscretion, I shall observe that much which is called prudence in men, is really falsehood, duplicity, and perfidy, which are worse. And the same imprudent frankness which sometimes offends against the dictates of reason, is honorable when considered as a characteristic. For as no one is ignorant of his own faults, he who is conscious of the least turpitude, will be most ready to display the feelings of his heart to the eye of curiosity. He who commits excesses in his house, does not always keep the door open. Caution and corruption go hand in hand, and under this consideration the candor of women will always be estimable as a virtue, when it is guided by good sense, and, as an indication of innocence, when it has no other regulator.

CHAP. IV.

In addition to the good qualities above mentioned, women may lay claim to the most beautiful and transcendent of all, which is *modesty*. This grace is so peculiarly the characteristic of their sex, that even in death it appears to remain with them, if we believe Pliny, who says that the corpse of a drowned man floats with the face uppermost; while that of a woman re-appears with the head inclined, and the face concealed.

'Veluti pudori defunctarum parcente natura.'

(*Lib.* 7. *cap.* 17.)

Another philosopher being asked what color was most graceful in the female countenance, replied, with equal truth and subtlety, '*that of shame.*' And in truth I believe this to be the chief advantage which women possess over us. Modesty is a barrier which nature places between vice and virtue. A French author has called it the shadow of a noble mind, and the outward sign of virtue; and Saint Bernard illustrates it with the epithets of—the jewel of manners—the light of the virtuous mind—the sister of chastity—the guardian of reputation—the ornament of life—the eulogium of nature—and the portion of all purity.—(Serm. 86. in Cantæ.)

Diogenes called a blush the

tint of virtue; and when it is once effaced, all resistance of evil fades with it. It may perhaps be said that shame is a signal preservative of the outward actions, but not of the internal feelings; and therefore that vice most frequently opens a passage to her conquests by means of those invisible attacks which cannot be opposed with blushes. And if this were true, modesty would still be a most precious defence, in as much as it would prevent an infinity of excesses and their fatal consequences; but if we reflect attentively on it's powers, we shall see that it preserves it's possessors, if not entirely, at least materially, from those secret assaults which proceed no farther than the hidden recesses of the heart.

An internal acquiescence is rare when unaccompanied by *actions;* these are the means of establishing criminal affections in the mind, and of increasing and fortifying vitious propensities. Without them, if licentiousness sometimes insinuate herself into the head, it is not as an inmate nor as a mistress, but as a passing and unwelcome visitor. The passions, when deprived of the aliment which nourishes them, repose in weakness, or operate with timidity, chiefly because, in persons who are subject to blushing, the heart communicates so quickly with the countenance, that their internal machinations are immediately reflected to the public. The blush of modesty is the only tint which serves to depict the image of an unseen object; and thus it may not only be an impediment to actual sin, but women may be prevented from indulging in unholy thoughts, by a fear lest the impressions of their minds should be decyphered from their physiognomy.

To this it may be added, that in many women the sense of modesty is so 'tremblingly alive,' that they blush at the accusation of their own consciences. This highest excellence of modesty, which Padre Vieyra describes in one of his sermons, is not merely ideal, as some groveling spirits would pretend, but practical and real in beings of a nobler mind. Under this conviction, Demetrius Phalerius, when instructing the Athenian youth, recommended to them, when they were at home, to be in awe of their fathers; when they were out, of all they should meet; and when they were alone, each one of *himself*.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I HAVE sent you some anecdotes from 'Gladwin's Persian Moonshee,' illustrative of the mode of administration of Mohammedan justice, and of the discernment and sagacity of those who are intrusted therewith, in the detection of fraud and imposition. If you think these will afford any entertainment to your Fair Readers, the insertion of them will confer a favor on,

Your very obedient servant,
ORIENTALIS.

London, Nov. 6. 1810.

1. A person having occasion to travel, put two thousand pieces of silver money into a purse, closed the mouth of it with a seal, and having deposited it with a cazy or

magistrate for safe custody, set off on his journey. When he returned, he received it from the cazy, sealed up in the same manner as when he delivered it; but, upon opening it, found it filled with copper coin, instead of his silver. He complained to the cazy, who denied that he had shown him the silver coin; and said that he had returned the bag, sealed up, just as it was delivered, and the cazy's attendants drove him from the door. The man thereupon went to the king, and represented his grievance. The sultan, after pausing a little, said, 'Go for the present, leave your purse with me, and I will do you justice.' The next day he made a small rent in the new musnud, or embroidered covering of the throne, and then went a hunting. The attendant who was that day in waiting, when he saw the musnud torn, was very much alarmed. He showed it to another attendant, and said, 'If the king sees it, he will certainly put me to death.' The other asked whether any one else had heard of the accident, or had seen the musnud? and he answered in the negative. 'Make yourself easy, then,' replied the other attendant, 'for there is in this city a fine-drawer, a perfect master of his business: carry the musnud to him, and he will fine-draw it in such a way that no one will discover it.' The attendant went to the shop of the fine-drawer, and told him that if he would only do it well, he should have whatever he might demand. The fine-drawer asked half a dinar, but the attendant gave him a whole one, and the musnud was mended and returned in the course of the night. The next day the attendant spread it on the throne, When the king saw the musnud was mended, he asked the attendant who had darned it? The man pretended ignorance; but the king told him not to be alarmed, for that he had torn the musnud to answer a particular purpose. The attendant pointed out the fine-drawer, and the king sent for him, and asked him whether he had darned a purse in the course of that year, and whether, if he was to see it, he should know it again? He answered, 'Yes.' The king then showed him the purse, which he knew again, and said that the cazy of that city had given him it to do. The king having sent for the cazy, said, 'I had perfect reliance on your integrity, on which account I promoted you to the dignity of cazy: I did not know you to be a thief: how came you to steal a man's property?' He answered, 'Alas! my lord, who accuses me of this?' The king replied, 'I say so;' he then produced the purse, and showed where it had been darned. The cazy was confounded and trembled. The king sent him to prison, and commanded the owner of the purse to take his money from him. The cazy, having no alternative, paid it; and the next day the king ordered him to be hanged.

2. A slave ran away from his master, who some time afterwards went to another city, where he saw the slave, seised him, and asked him why he ran away. The slave laid hold of the skirt of his master's garment, and said, 'You are my slave, you robbed me of a great deal of money, and then decamped.' In short, they both went before the cazy, and demanded justice. The cazy made them both stand near a window, and

told them to put both their heads out of it, at the same time. When they had put out their heads, he called out to the executioner, 'Strike off the slave's head with your sword. The slave, on hearing these words, instantly drew in his head, whilst the master continued in the original posture, and did not move. The cazy ordered the slave to be punished.

3. A certain person committed considerable property to the care of his banker, and then went a journey. When he returned, he requested payment, which the banker refused, and swore the money had never been intrusted to him. The man went to the cazy, and told his story. The cazy, after some consideration, said, 'Do not tell any one, that the banker will not restore your property, and I'll see what I can do for you.' The next day, the cazy sent for the banker, and said, 'A great deal of business has now fallen upon my hands, which I cannot transact alone, and because you are an honest man, I wish to make you my deputy.' The banker consented, and was very much pleased upon the occasion. When he went home, the cazy sent for the other man, and said, 'Now go, and demand your property of the banker, and he will certainly give it you.' The man went to the banker, who said, 'You are come very seasonably; I had really forgotten the transaction, until last night, when it came to my recollection.' In short, he restored the property, and being eager for the deputyship, went to the cazy; who said to him, 'I was with the king to-day; I hear that he wants to intrust you with some affairs of importance: thank God, you will meet with just preferment! and I must now look out for another deputy for myself.' And having thus excused himself, the cazy retired.

ACCOUNT *of the* AFRICAN SERPENT *the* BOAH, *or* DESERT SNAKE.

(From Jackson's Account of Morocco.)

THE BOAH, or desert snake, is an enormous monster, from twenty to eighty feet long, as thick as a man's body, and of a dingy color. This inhabitant of Sahara is not venomous, though it is not less destructive. The Arabs, speaking of it figuratively, say, that as it passes along the desert, it fires the ground with the velocity of it's motion. It is impossible to escape it. It will twist itself round an ox, and, after crushing it's bones, will swallow it gradually; after which, it lies supinely on the ground two or three days, unable to proceed till it be digested. Two of these monsters stationed themselves near the road from Morocco to Terodant, near to the latter city, a few years since: one of them was killed, the other remained there several days, and prevented travelers from passing the road. They were both young ones, being about twenty feet long. Various stories are related by the Arabs of Sahara, respecting the boahs, but they are mostly ingenious fables, originally intended to inculcate some moral truth, or trait of human nature, which by the embellishments of tradition, added to the credulity of the Arabs, are now related as facts.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE WISH.

O! no, gay fashion's airy themes,
And dissipation's gilded dreams,
For me have no delights;
I'd shun the pomp of vain parade,
And seek the consecrated shade,
Where wisdom's self invites.

And if my social heart can own
A wish engross'd by self alone,
Be this the fate I'd chuse:
A competence that would me give,
In philosophic ease to live,
And woo the moral muse.

A cottage, plain and simply neat,
In some embower'd and calm retreat,
Near proud Augusta's fanes:
Of friends, a choice selected few,
Accomplish'd, virtuous, wise, and who
Each meaner thought disdains.

A garden rich in local charms,
As those that deck'd Hesperia's lawns,
Or soft Arcadia's bowers;
Or once adorn'd Euphrates' side,
Or bloom'd in artificial pride
O'er Babylonia's towers.

Whose walks, o'erhung with various green,
Invite the soul to joys serene,
That all it's powers pervades;
Where I might oft the lyre attune,
In the bright glow of sultry noon,
Or evening milder shades.

And oft I'd pass th' improving hours
Of silent thought, in these lone bowers,
Where none unbid intrude:
And taste of joys there only known,
And feel I'm never less alone,
Than when in solitude.

Secluded from th' oppressive noise
Of busy life, whose changeful joys
Should please but not ensnare;
Here I'd in meditation spend
The silent noon, or with a friend
Sweet conversation share.

To those I'd e'er unclose my door,
Who dare love virtue and be poor,
And hold their country dear;
But all who from the limits stray
Of wisdom, and the insipid gay,
Should know no welcome here.

In stranger-guise I'd oft explore
The abodes of th' industrious poor,
To pain and want consign'd;
And alms with counsels I'd bestow,
With that subdue corporeal woe,
With this I'd soothe the mind.

Of books I'd have a copious store,
Whose various, deep and learned lore
Suits well the searching thought;
But not to books alone confin'd,
I'd study, too, the human mind,
A theme of vast import.

With traveling oft would I beguile
The summer-hours, and learn to smile
In shades unlike my own;
nd useful thoughts and maxims glean
In many a new and distant scene,
To other manners prone.

And once in each revolving year
I'd seek the bowers to me so dear,
Where much-belov'd ones dwell!
There pass a few short weeks away,
Then clasp them to my heart, and say,
'We meet again, farewell!'

MARY, OF COLESHILL.

SONNET I.

I pass'd my hand in careless sweep along
The tuneful wires in many a changeful mood,
Even as the muse would dictate; sounds now rude
In rustic melody, I woke, now strong,
In epic powers: and those among the throng
Who heard the strain, with various judgments view'd;
Some disapprov'd, some said the lay ensu'd
Of mental toil, some lov'd th' unstudied song.
For 'twas unstudied as the wild notes trill'd
From the sweet wind-harp *, by the magic touch
Of the swift breeze inspir'd: and I would 'build,'
Mindless of rules pedantic, even as such
The woodland 'rhyme,' irregularly skill'd
In graceful modulations, these resembling much.

MARY, OF COLESHILL.

SONNET II.

O! poesy, as yet I've only stray'd
In idle listlessness among thy bowers;
And twin'd in simple bands ideal flowers,
And on the lyre in rustic wildness play'd:
But loftier tones shall soon that lyre pervade.
Even now I meditate of future hours,
And muse th' apportion'd song, whose forceful powers
Shall snatch my mem'ry from the oblivious shade:
And shall my throbbing temples press the wreath,
The much-desired, and dear-earn'd wreath of Fame?
And shall I be remember'd when, in death,
My ear is clos'd against her loud acclaim?
And will the goddess of immortal breath,
In her transparent scroll record my living name?

MARY, OF COLESHILL.

SONNET III.

(To the River Mersey.)

AND did'st thou thy impetuous course restrain,
And did'st thou, Mersey, loiter on thy way
To hear the minstrel's song; and did'st thou pay
Unwilling tribute to the insaturate main?
Who can rebuke thee? magic was the strain;
And blest art thou to hear the minstrel's lay,
And blest thy banks whereon he's wont to stray;
There verdure soon shall rival Mulla plain:
I, had I been a river-nymph, and one
Of Thetis' hand-maids, must have disobey'd
The sea-god's consort, left my tasks undone,
And envied echo, as I listening stay'd,
(Charm'd with such melody) even till the sun
Had form'd the western curve, and lengthen'd ev'ry shade.

MARY, OF COLESHILL.

---

* Æolian-harp.

THE UNION OF HEARTS.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE AUTHOR OF BENEDICT.

In an age like the present, how seldom we see
A couple, united by Hymen, agree!
Tho' o'er them (whilst lovers) Love's banners seem spread,
He mostly withdraws them as soon as they wed.
The wedding-day over, possess'd of this fair,
The bridegroom no longer makes her his chief care;
The bride, too, lays by all her sweet winning arts,
Oh! who can say here is a union of hearts.

Oft Plutus array'd in Cupid's attire,
With sordid emotions young hearts will inspire;
Like slaves, to the altar he drags them away,
Whilst fortune, not love, bears the palm of the day;
Ah! ill-fated couple! will fortune supply
The absence of love, when in trouble you sigh?
Ah! no, if affection no comfort imparts,
You never experienc'd a union of hearts.

Tho' many a youth thus neglects his fair bride,
And quarrels, and broils, Hymen's votaries divide;
There's one who preserves all the lover's soft flame,
Well grounded on friendship, and Henry's his name;
There's one, too, a stranger to quarrels and strife,
The lovely, beloved Louisa, his wife:
From bosoms like their's, faithful love ne'er departs,
Because there is found a true union of hearts.

Accept, noble pair, from the muse (tho' unknown)
The tribute that surely belongs you alone;
Ye patterns of virtue, and conjugal truth,
Ye satires on age, and examples to youth:
How blest is their lot, who have daily in view,
A couple so amiable, constant, and true!
Oh! ye who vile passions or enmity parts,
Go, copy this glorious union of hearts.

ELIZABETH BAXTER.

EXTEMPORE,

ON TAKING A LAST SURVEY OF MY LATE RESIDENCE AT STOW.

Farewell! ye lonely scenes of Stow!
Far from your plains with joy I go;
Farewell, ye meadows, (known too well)
Where long my muse was forc'd to dwell;
With pleasure now she leaves the place,
That ne'er could yield sweet friendship's face;
And since she takes this final view,
Adieu! unsocial spot, adieu!

ELIZABETH BAXTER.

SONNET.

How calm! can ought more lovely be than this?
Scarce wanton zephyr greets me with a kiss!
With starry train pale Cynthia mounts serene,
'And casts a soft nocturnal day around;'
Alone, I pause amid the silent scene,
Lost in the luxury of thought profound.
Imagination, on her airy wings,
Transports me far above this lower sphere,
What harmony! what rapture do I hear!
Such as each orb, in grateful homage, sings

To their Almighty Architect divine,
Who made, sustains, directs, and bids them shine.
Morpheus, avaunt! far hence direct thy flight,
I'll court thee not in such a heav'nly night.

ANONYMOUS.

N. Petherton.

TO MARY.

I ASK'D what made my bosom smart,
A breast once free from care;
I press'd my hand against my heart,
And felt Love beating there.

I once had peace of mind, 'tis true,
But peace has fled my breast;
Those eyes of Heav'n's imperial blue,
Have stol'n my bosom's rest.

W. P.

LINES

TO A YOUNG LADY WITH A PURSE.

'A PURSE,' you cry, 'pshaw, what a gift!'
Yet hark'ye, Miss, 'tis from a poet;
And poets are not fam'd for thrift,
But oft are poor,—though you may know it.

'Tis not intrinsic worth, you know,
That makes the value of a present;
'Tis not the glitt'ring bauble's show,
But 'tis the motive makes it pleasant.

'Well, sir,' methinks I hear you say,
'What may it be that is your motive
To give a paltry purse, I pray,
Is it constrain'd, or is it votive.

Indeed I hardly know, *that's pos'*,
Except that when you gaze upon it,
You'll deign to think the donor was
One who *lov'd well*,—to write a sonnet!

I. M. L.

STANZAS,

TO ——————.

WERE I possess'd of Sappho's quill,
Gladly wou'd I exert it's skill,
To warm thy frozen breast;
But fruitless must each effort prove,
That bids thy senseless heart to love,
By no such cares distrest.

'Peace, silly girl, thy rhymes forego,
From hapless Sappho learn to know,
How vain is ev'ry art;
'Tis beauty's pow'r whom all obey,
Alone, that holds unrivall'd sway,
And captivates the heart.

'Had Sappho sought but beauty's aid,
She had not sigh'd, neglected maid,
Nor turn her am'rous lyre;
Phaon had then, unwoo'd, been won;
Love would have then revers'd it's doom,
And Phaon felt it's fire.'

Oct. 24, 1810. EUGENIA.

LINES

ON A VIOLENT HEAD-ACHE BEING CURED BY DANCING WITH MISS J.NE G.L..N, OF EDNAM, LINCOLNSHIRE.

QUACK-DOCTORS, too often their patients deceive,
With boasted pretensions to skill;
And while they the present disorder relieve,
Fix some more incurable ill.

Thus the sweet nymph, by dancing, my head-ache reliev'd,
And I vainly applauded her art;
Till at length the dear mountebank's cheat I perceive,
For the pain now is fix'd in my heart.

EDWARD.

Promenade Garden,
Harrowgate, 1810.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Austrian Frontiers, Sept. 25.

BY letters from Turkey, it appears that the Grand Seignior has already joined the Grand Vizier's army with a very considerable body of troops, and that still greater reinforcements are expected. The whole is calculated at 300,000 men. The Grand Seignior is said to have sworn by the Prophet, that he will bring the war with Russia to a speedy and fortunate conclusion.

Berne, Sept. 26. On the 14th of July, according to one of our Journals, the Senator Lucien Bonapartè, with his wife and children, and the greater part of his collection of works of art, embarked at Civita Vecchia, on board an American frigate, for North America. A part of his collection still remains at Civita Vecchia.

Dantzick, Oct. 1. The English, alarmed at the confiscations and losses which they had met with in Mecklenburgh and Prussian Pomerania, had sent their cruisers to prevent their merchantmen from entering Pillau and other ports of Old Prussia. Having afterwards learned that the French are not in the occupation of these ports, Admiral Saumarez gave new orders to the merchant-ships to proceed to the ports of old Prussia. It is now, in fact, a week since 18 of these ships, richly laden, made their appearance off Pillau. The Prussians sent them back: would they not have done better by permitting them to enter, and then confiscating them?

There are now at Gottenburgh 600 ships laden with colonial produce and English goods, which know not where to go. Many of these ships have resolved to sail for Russia; but if they enter the Russian ports, they will meet the same fate with the vessels from Teneriffe. However, the 1st of November approaches, the period when the English fleet and these 600 ships must quit the Baltic. The losses which English commerce is about to sustain from their return is incalculable; and if already there have been 100 bankruptcies in London, the list must soon be doubled.

Certainly, if in the next spring the Continental Powers adopt the same measures, and they are executed with fidelity, England will not be able to support this general exclusion of her commerce.

Some persons believe that many of the English ships will not return to England, and that they will conceal themselves among the isles of Sweden; but that Power must at last keep it's engagements, and in that case it would be able to make immense confiscations.

Copenhagen, Oct. 5. The patriotic refusal of our Government to the demand of the Emperor Napoleon, for the admission of thirty thousand French troops into this island, has been modified into an agreement to allow three thousand troops to pass over at one time: these will immediately proceed to Helsingbourg, and will in succession be followed by other divisions to the above amount.

Riga, Oct. 6. Count Gottorp has arrived here from St. Petersburgh. Previous to his departure he addressed a letter to the King and Diet of Sweden,

wherein he upbraids them with their recent choice of a Crown Prince, which he terms ignominious and disgraceful in the highest degree, and consigns the government to eternal oblivion and contempt, as unworthy of the consideration of their lawful monarch.

Semlin, Oct. 8. The Grand Seignior had not left Constantinople on the 20th of September. It is supposed, as the season is so far advanced, that his Highness will defer his departure until the ensuing year, when he shall have learned the defeat that his troops have sustained at Batyn, as well as the surrender of Rudchuck. The preparations for war, however, are continued with uncommon activity throughout the whole of the Ottoman Empire.

Paris, Oct. 8. When the Count de Gottorp arrived at Polangen, he was asked if he was provided with a passport from the department for Foreign Affairs at St. Petersburgh. He had none, and he was not permitted to proceed on his journey. While waiting for the return of a courier whom he had dispatched, he remained under the inspection of the custom-house at Polangen. It is said that he had previously been at Pillau, and that he was on board a vessel that was just setting sail, when a Prussian Commissary obliged him to go ashore. The count then flew into a passion, and with pistols in his hand, required the Commissary not to interfere with his actions; but the Commissary having observed to him that he only acted under superior authority, the Count submitted to be conducted ashore. It is not doubted here that he wished to get on board an English cruiser, and that the English entertained the project of using him as an instrument to foment disorder and anarchy in Sweden, which they now see entirely wrested from their interests.

Presburg, Oct. 9. On the 26th ult. a severe action took place between the Turks, and the united Servians and Russians. The Turks, 40,000 strong, attempted to take by storm the Servian camp, near Jassiga; but the destructive fire of the Russian artillery, and the determined bravery with which the Servians fought, obliged them to retire; and in the evening the Turkish army struck it's camp, but without being forced from it's position. It is now generally expected that the commander in chief of the Turkish army will make some other demonstrations.

Oporto, Oct. 13. Colonel Trant, with his militia, 4 or 5,000 men, left this place for Coimbra, and beyond Fornos he waited for General Miller, who was proceeding to Coimbra by another road; but the brave Colonel Trant, unwilling to delay the attack until the arrival of his colleague, proposed to his soldiers to attack Coimbra, which they cheerfully agreed to do without waiting for further assistance. They marched immediately, and met an advanced post who were on a plundering expedition. Part of these were killed, others taken prisoners, and the remainder, about eighty horse, escaped into Coimbra. Colonel Trant pushed on to the place, and took the enemy by surprise. The French soldiers had only time to run into the houses and fire from the windows, which lasted only for about an hour, when they surrendered to the number of between five and six thousand men, and the wounded included, as well as the officers in the garrison, colonels, lieutenant-colonels, &c. Yesterday we had the pleasure of witnessing the arrival of the greater part of the prisoners. The town was illuminated, and other demonstrations of joy were exhibited. We had but two killed, and a few wounded.

Copenhagen, Oct. 19. The 'Official Paper' contains the following article:—

'Yesterday at half-past two, the Prince Royal of Sweden arrived at the Castle of Fredericksberg. He was received by the Privy Counsellors, the Ministers of State, the Grand Marshal at the head of all the State Officers, the French and Swedish Ambassadors, the heads of the different offices, and the staff of the army. He was conducted, with the usual forms, to an audience of their Majesties. His Royal Highness, as well as the Officers in his suite, dined with the Royal Family.

'In the evening the musicians of the Royal Chapel performed a concert. His Royal Highness supped with the Royal Family. The conversation between his majesty the King, and his royal highness the Prince of Sweden, was in that free and friendly manner which might be expected from the intimacy that has subsisted between them for some years. It is a fortunate earnest of the good understanding that is likely to prevail between the two neighbouring Powers. These feelings added to the pleasure of the entertainment.

'His Royal Highness slept at Copenhagen, in the apartment that was prepared for him, in the house of the privy-

counsellor Brun. He set out to-day at ten o'clock for Elsineur.

'The household sent pages, servants, cooks, plate, &c. to Corsoer, Roskilde, Copenhagen, and Elsineur, for his Royal Highness's use. His arrival and departure from Copenhagen were announced by twenty-seven discharges of cannon.'

Lisbon, Oct. 23. Yesterday arrived in this city, his excellency the Marquis Romana, general in chief of the Spanish army of the left. He was received by the numerous population of this capital with loud *vivas!* and other demonstrations of the satisfaction which they felt in receiving, within their walls, a general of so much celebrity.

The division of General Carrera is every moment expected; and that of General O'Donnell entered Lisbon some days ago.

Oct. 26. Yesterday arrived the Spanish division commanded by General Carrera, consisting of a number of fine troops, who will continue to deserve in our country the reputation for valor which they acquired in Castile and Estremadura.

There are also arrived in twelve ships, escorted by an English frigate, the troops that were made prisoners at Coimbra, from which place they were removed to Oporto, and there embarked for Lisbon.

Amsterdam, Oct. 24. The following Imperial Decree has just been published here:—

'Palace of Fontainbleau,
Oct. 19, 1810.

'NAPOLEON, &c.

'Having considered the fourth and fifth articles of our Berlin Decree, of the 21st November, 1806, We have decreed, and do decree as follows:—

'Art. 1. All merchandise, of whatever sort, proceeding from English manufacture, and which is prohibited, existing at this moment either in the real entrepots, or in the warehouses of our customs, of whatever description it may be, shall be publicly burned.

'2. In future, all prohibited merchandise of English manufacture, proceeding either from our customs, or from seisures that may be made, shall be burned.

'3. All prohibited merchandise of English manufacture, which shall be found in Holland, in the Grand Duchy of Berg, in the Hanseatic Towns, and, generally, from the Mein to the sea, shall be seised and burned.

'4. All the English merchandise to be found in our kingdom of Italy, under whatever description it may come, shall be seised and burned.

'5. All the English merchandise which shall be found in our Illyrian provinces, shall be seised and burned.

'6. All the English merchandise which shall be found in the kingdom of Naples, shall be seised and burned.

'7. All the English merchandise which shall be found in the provinces of Spain occupied by our troops, shall be seised and burned.

'8. All the English merchandise which shall be found in the towns, and within the reach of places occupied by our troops, shall be seised and burned.

(Signed) 'NAPOLEON.
(Attested) THE DUKE OF PLACENTIA,
'Prince Arch-Treasurer, and
Lieutenant-General of the
Emperor and King.'

To-day, salutes of artillery were fired here and along all the coast of Holland, in honor of the victory gained at Coimbra by the French army in Portugal.

Gibraltar, Oct. 24. The expedition which left this garrison a few days ago for the relief of Malaga has sustained a total defeat, and been obliged to make a precipitate retreat. Part of the troops arrived by land this morning; and in the hurry of embarking, we have lost a number in drowned, in addition to 400 prisoners, and their commander, Lord Blaney, among the number. We have also lost a number of officers, whose names I have not yet heard, except that of Major Grant.

It is still affirmed from Cadiz, that a slight fever prevails in that city, but which the approach of winter renders less formidable than it would otherwise be.

Corsoer, Oct. 16. This moment, three o'clock in the afternoon, we enjoy the happiness of witnessing the arrival of the Crown Prince of Sweden and his suite. The passage from Wyborg to Corsoer was perfectly safe. At the moment he embarked the wind was contrary, and 500 English ships, among which were 7 sail of the line and three frigates, were in sight to the northward and southward of the Belt. His Royal Highness passed through this double line of ships after one hour's passage, the wind changed, and the Prince arrived safe at Corsoer in Zealand.

HOME NEWS.

London, Oct. 25.

THE dispatches containing the particulars of the surrender of the Isle of Bourbon, were brought by Captain Parkinson and Lieutenant Broughton, who arrived on Wednesday morning, at Portsmouth, in the Olympia cutter. These officers reached town about half-past ten o'clock the same night, and soon after the substance of the intelligence received by them, was communicated to the Lord Mayor in the following letter:—

'Downing-street, Oct. 24, 1810.

'My Lord,—Captain Parkinson, Deputy-Adjutant-General to the detachment acting under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Keating, has arrived this evening at my office, with the intelligence that the Isle of Bourbon, since designated the Isle of Bonapartè, had surrendered by capitulation to his majesty's arms, on the 8th of July last.

'I am happy in being able to add, that the loss sustained in the operation which led to this event, amounts only to 1 subaltern, 1 serjeant, and 16 rank and file, killed; 1 major, 7 subalterns, 2 serjeants, and 68 rank and file, wounded.

'I have the honor to be, &c.

'To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.' 'LIVERPOOL.

The force to which the Isle of Bourbon or Bonapartè surrendered, consisted of the 69th and 86th regiments, with detachments from the 12th, 33d, 89th, &c. the 6th and 12th native infantry; a company of artillery, pioneers, &c. amounting in the whole to 2,500 Europeans, and 2,000 native troops. These sailed from Madras, and were afterwards joined by about 1,000 men from the Island of Rodriguez, under Lieutenant-Colonel Keating, who took the command of the whole. The Doris, Ceylon, and Diomede, convoyed the expedition.

Oct. 31. On Monday night, as the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Perceval were returning from Windsor to Mr. Perceval's house at Ealing, their carriage was overturned (owing to the darkness of the night) on Hounslow-heath. They did not sustain any material injury, and were able to proceed on their journey in a short time.

Nov. 2. Coroner's Inquest.—An inquisition was taken yesterday at the Nag's Head, in Orange-court, on the body of John Dolan Burke, Esq. who poisoned himself by taking arsenic at the New Slaughter Coffee-house, St. Martin's-lane, on Wednesday morning. The deceased was an Irish gentleman, who had married into an Irish family of consequence, and he had lodged three months at the hotel. It turned out by the evidence of Mr. Spencer, surgeon, in New-street, that the deceased had taken poison several hours previous to this latter draught taken, when he was arrested by the officer, and that he obstinately refused to take any medicine. He added, that he had done the deed, and he would not take that which would frustrate his design. He at length grew insensible, and he was drenched with an emetic

when too late. His attorney stated to the jury, that he had not been sober one minute these four years, which he attributed to his embarrassments, and he considered him a maniac. Two of the jury corroborated this verdict. Verdict—*Insanity.*

A child named Rannard was poisoned at Horncastle last week, through the mixed indiscretion (as the story is related) of two or three persons. The mother had applied to an apothecary, who '*keeps the market*,' for something to relieve her little girl from the indisposition under which she labored, and which the itinerant son of Galen declared to proceed from worms. A packet was to be sent from the medical man's dispensary in another town, to the house-of-call at Horncastle, for the relief of the child. The mother called a day or two afterwards, and the only packet which had arrived was given to her. No direction was upon it; but the woman took the packet, and thoughtlessly administered a large part of the contents—which proved to be opium! The child died in consequence in a few hours.—Verdict of the Coroner's Inquest—*Accidental Death.*

A few weeks ago, a man who lived in the neighbourhood of St. Helen's, and who had parted with his wife in consequence of some disagreement, in a fit of desperation, at her refusing to return to him, cut the throats of his three children, who were left at home with him, and afterwards committed the same violence on himself! At first the lives of all of them were despaired of, but one of the children and the father are now likely to recover. The other two children died almost immediately.

Nov. 2. A fire broke out on Tuesday night at a public-house, in Whitecross-street, City Road. A young woman, who slept in the second floor, in her fright threw herself out of the window, and was so dreadfully bruised that she died yesterday.

Nov. 3. Thursday, as Mr. F. Chalie, wine-merchant, of Mincing-lane, was sitting on his horse, and inquiring after one that was to be sold, at Mr. Hall's in Grosvenor-place, he dropped off in an apoplectic fit, as it is supposed, and died in a few minutes.

Thursday about noon the body of a man, apparently between forty and fifty years of age, in the dress of a baker, was discovered suspended by his handkerchief from a rafter in an unfinished building near Stepney-fields, and who appeared to have been hanging but a few hours.

4. Thursday evening between the hours of seven and eight, as a gentleman was crossing from Charlotte-street, Blackfriars-road, the fore-horse of a coal-waggon knocked him down, when the wheel passed over his head and crushed out his brains. The body was conveyed to Christ-Church workhouse, there to remain for a coroner's inquest.

Nov. 6. The system of footpad robbery is now practised in and about London nightly, and it is supposed to be one gang. Mr. Elsden, a builder, was attacked near his own house in Thornaugh-street, Bedford-square, before nine o'clock on Friday evening last. The robbers were a tall man and a short man, and they answer the description of those who have been robbing on the northern side of the town, and are supposed to be the same who committed some robberies at Lewisham. One of them stopped Mr. E.'s mouth, while the other presented a pistol close at his head; which Mr. Elsden caught at, wrested it from the villain who presented it—he grappled and fell with them, and they ran off without robbing him. He snapped the pistol at the thieves in their retreat, but it missed fire. The pistol is now in the possession of Hamilton, at Marlborough-street, and has the maker's name—Booth, Chatham.

Nov. 5. On the death of the Earl of Dartmouth being officially made known, Lord John Thynne, the vice-chamberlain, began to act; and on Saturday morning he left town for Windsor, to take the Royal commands respecting the funeral of the Princess Amelia, which we understand is to be as private as possible. Her Royal Highness will be interred at Windsor.

The Terrace at Windsor continues to be closely shut to strangers.

Yesterday, as soon as St. Paul's clock had struck four, the great bell in that Cathedral began to toll for her Royal Highness the late Princess Amelia.

Nov. 8. Yesterday a Court of Aldermen was held at Guildhall, for the purpose of receiving the opinion of Counsel on the case directed to be prepared in relation to swearing the Lord Mayor elect into office. Although the Lord Chancellor had not declared his Majesty's assent, the Court resolved that his Lordship be sworn this day at Guildhall, and before the Barons of the Exchequer to-morrow, as, by the custom of Lon-

don, the old Lord Mayor cannot hold over. The processions, on both occasions, will be as private as possible, and no entertainment given.

Paisley, Nov. 10. A few days ago a track-boat, from Paisley to Johnstone, was launched, and daily since it has been filled with parties of pleasure. To-day is a fair with us, and every lad and lass who could muster eightpence must have a sail. About an hour ago, she landed at the basin, opposite Mr. Barclay's, with nearly 100 on board, (for she is 60 feet in length) and as many were on the breast anxious to replace them; and who, in spite of all remonstrance, pressed in before she was cleared of the former load; in consequence of which she upset, and plunged the whole, men, women, and children, into the basin, which is seven or eight feet deep of water. The scene to those who saw it was awful: Numbers, no doubt, were taken up; but numbers, too, have perished. A gentleman told me he tarried till he saw forty all corpses to appearance: and I have just now heard that fifty-one have been dragged out; few of whom, it is dreaded, will recover. The surgeons are doing what they can, and every apartment in Mr. Barclay's house contains some unhappy victim. The neighbouring houses have been thrown open; every one wears the countenance of dismay, afraid to inquire, lest some relative may have perished.

One man, it is said, has been bereft of his wife and three children, but the confusion precludes accuracy in investigation. Carts, with two dead bodies, are this instant passing my window.

A lady, who was one of three cabin passengers, (all of whom escaped most narrowly) describes the fatal business as resulting entirely from the temerity of the crowd who pressed on board.

Torbay, Nov. 11. Yesterday we had a most tremendous storm of wind from almost every point of the compass, attended by heavy rains. The flood rose to such a degree that boats were employed to take people out of their houses. I do not hear of any human beings being lost, but a number of hogs were drowned, and quantities of flour and other necessaries spoiled. At sea the weather was dreadful, as the winds shifting so suddenly, made a shocking cross sea. A gun-brig, whose name we could not learn, drove to sea in the height of the gale, at N. W. as did several other vessels. The Iris has sailed, as the wind is much more moderate. A gig, with five men, drove to sea, and must have perished, but luckily the schooner Agnes was lying-to reefing, picked up the boat, which instantly filled and sunk, but preserved the crew.

Sheerness, Nov. 12. The fleet which sailed from Gottenburgh on the 30th ult. under convoy of the Orion, are on the coast; one ship has arrived here. The late gale had so dispersed them, that only 12 ships were with the Orion four days since on the Black Bank.

Yarmouth, Nov. 12. This morning arrived here from the Baltic the Tartarus sloop, Capt. Mainwairing; but there being a deal of surf on the beach, the ships in the roads are deprived of all communication with the shore. Sailed the Portia and Archer to the westward to refit. A fleet of ships were seen in the offing passing to the westward from the Baltic. Three vessels are on shore on Corten beach, crews are all saved; but two are complete wrecks, one with coals, the other with glass, bound to London. A schooner is on shore on Gorleston beach, with pickled herrings, bound to London, crew saved. The fishing boats belonging to this port and Lowestoft have suffered in the loss of men, boats, &c.; two on Pakefield beach are upset, and all perished; the others have lost part of their crews, as have many boats belonging to the merchants here.

Harwich, Nov. 12. Arrived the Prince of Wales packet, from Heligoland. On Saturday we experienced one of the heaviest gales of wind in the harbour that can be remembered by the oldest inhabitant. Several vessels drove from their anchors; two on shore, and entirely to pieces; and others on shore with considerable damage; but fortunately no lives were lost. The fury of the tide washed away the foundation of a considerable part of the buildings occupied by the Naval Storekeeper for stores, &c. A boat-house, in the King's Dock-yard, and the works carrying on under the direction of his Majesty's Board of Ordnance, have sustained very serious injury.

The brig Autumn, of Whitby, Thomas Day, master, was on Saturday morning entirely wrecked on the Pye Sand, near this harbour, and it is feared that the whole of her crew have perished. The ship Geede Haab, of Lonsberg, Soren Sande, master, has been brought in dismasted, and many other vessels have put in with damage.

Edinburgh, Oct. 25. A gentleman

walking along the South Bridge early this morning (Wednesday) was alarmed by the report of a pistol, and immediately calling the assistance of a watchman, proceeded towards the place whence the report seemed to come. On arriving at the head of Infirmary-street, they perceived the body of a man lying stretched on the ground, and besides him another man, who, immediately on their coming up, presented a pistol to his head, fired it, and fell to the ground. Assistance was promptly procured, and they were carried to the Royal Infirmary, the one perfectly lifeless, and the other (who had fired the pistol when the gentleman and watchman came up) nearly so: he died in a few minutes after being brought into the Infirmary. In the first, the ball had entered a little above the left ear, and lodged in the brain; in the other it had entered a little above the right ear, and passed out at the opposite side of the head. We understand that the gentleman who was observed to fire the second pistol, was much intoxicated; that he left his lodgings with a brace of loaded pistols in his hand, and was followed by the other gentleman, in order to bring him back. Irritated, probably, by his solicitations, he committed the rash deed above mentioned The interval between the firing of the two pistols might be about three minutes.

Lincoln, Nov. 3. As the son of Mr. Woolfitt, farmer, of Harmston, near Lincoln, was ringing the sermon-bell at Wellingere Church, he suddenly desisted, saying, 'The bell is so heavy I am quite fatigued.' He never spoke more, but died a few minutes after in the church-yard.

During the last week, the Coroner of Stamford held three inquests upon the bodies of children, who had been burned to death. The eldest of the sufferers was not more than four years old.

BIRTHS.

Oct. 25. In Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square, the lady of Alexander Scott, Esq. of a son.

26. The lady of Peter Free, Esq. of a daughter.

27. In Clarges-street, the lady of William Parry, Esq. of a son.

31. At Portsmouth, Mrs. Dickens, of a daughter.

Mrs. Thomas Bush, of Mark-lane, of a daughter.

The lady of N. Wells, Esq. at Piercefield, Monmouthshire, of a son.

Nov. 1. The lady of John Scott, Esq. of North Cray-place, Kent, of a son.

3. At Bredwardine, Herefordshire, Viscountess Hereford, of a son.

6. The lady of Richardson Purves, Esq. of Plaistow, Essex, of a daughter.

11. At Blackmore, Essex, the lady of J.G. Franklyn, of a son.

13. At Barton Rectory, the lady of the Rev. Scholefield, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Oct. 25. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. B. Phipps, John Lambert, Esq. of New Broad-street, to Katharine, eldest daughter of W. H. Phibbs, Esq.

29. At New Abbey, near Dumfries, Mr. Alexander C. Johnston, son of George Johnston, Esq. Cowhill, to Cecilia Ann, second daughter of the late Dr. James Wright, garrison surgeon and purveyor to the forces, Martinique.

Nov. 1. Mr. Frederick Davenport, of Staines, to Miss Margaret Thistlewood, of the same place.

At Cripplegate-church, Joseph Parke, Esq. of Hoxton, to Mary, daughter of the late P. Knight, Esq. of the same place.

At St. Stephen's-church, Bristol, by the Rev. Wm. Nickson, Philip Chabert, Esq. to Miss Moir, daughter of the Rev. John Moir, vicar of Nazing, Essex.

Mr. Francis Sympson, Brawn, of the royal navy, to Elizabeth Moorbeck, daughter of Tho. Sumner, Esq. one of his Majesty's Deputy-Lieutenants, &c. for the said county.

At Halifax, by the Rev. Dr. Coulthurst, William, eldest son of James Moore, Esq. of Brockwell, to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late Daniel Dyson, of Willow-hall, Yorkshire.

3. Anthony Burnley, Esq. of Stockwell, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of John Wild, Esq. of same place.

At Lambeth Church, by the Rev. Jonathan Barrett, A. M. Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Henry Buckley, Esq. of the Lawn, South Lambeth, to Ann, only daughter of

Samuel Wolfe, Esq. of the East India House.

6. At Daventry, by the Rev. Dr. Smith, John Francis Doxat, Esq. of London, to Selina, youngest daughter of Charles Watkins, Esq. of Daventry, in Northamptonshire.

8. At St. Michael's, Cornhill, by the Rev. Thomas Wrench, rector of the said parish, Mr. John Miles, of St. Paul's Church-yard, to Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. Eliezer Chater, of Upper Clapton.

At St. Magnus, London-bridge, by the Rev. Robert Crosby, the Rev. Samuel Locke, D. D. to Sarah Clinch, both of Farnham, Surry.

At Hammersmith, by the Rev. Doctor Atwood, Mr. John Townes, of Coventry-street, to Miss Springthorp, of the above place.

At St. Mary's, Newington, Surry, Mr. Joseph Fuller, bookseller, of Charing-cross, to Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. Joseph Carter, of Newington-place, Kennington.

At St. Mary's, Islington, Mr. George Morgan, Ludgate-hill, to Miss Harrison, of Kensington.

10. By special license, at the house of Peter Free, Esq. Baker-street, by the Rev. Godfrey Cooper, Sir Bellingham Reginald Graham, Baronet, of Norton Conyers, Yorkshire, to Harriette, third daughter of the late George Clark, Esq. of West Hatch, Essex.

15. At Finchley, by the Rev. Thomas Vialls, Charles Robert Neale, of Whetstone, Esq. to Frances Augusta, second daughter of the late Robert Manners, Esq.

DEATHS.

Oct. 19. In Soho-square, in the 63d year of his age, Jonas Dryander, Esq. Librarian to Sir Joseph Banks and to the Royal Society, and a Vice-president of the Linnæan Society. His eminent attainments in that branch of science, which he chiefly cultivated, had long placed him in the first rank among the naturalists of Europe; and his Catalogue of the Banksian Library, which is before the public, will be a lasting monument of erudition, perseverance, and sound judgment, which has never been equaled, and cannot be surpassed.

31. At Sidmouth, in Devonshire, the Earl of Dartmouth, Lord Chamberlain to his Majesty, and a Knight of the Most Noble the Order of the Garter. The Earl of Dartmouth, Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household, was born Oct. 3, 1755, and succeeded his father, William, the late Earl, on July 15, 1801. He was called up as a Baron to the House of Peers in 1801, during the lifetime of his father, and appointed President of the Board of Control in the same year. In 1774, he was returned for the borough of Plymouth; and in 1780, for Staffordshire; and two years after, was appointed Lord of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales; and in 1789, Lord Warden of the Stannaries. In 1783 he was nominated one of the Commissioners of Mr. Fox's new Board of Admiralty, who were to be assisted by a subordinate Board of nine Directors. In the summer of 1807 he resigned the Colonelcy of the Loyal Birmingham Volunteers, on account of ill health. While Member for Stafford he supported the Coalition Administration, and voted for Mr. Fox's India Bill. His Lordship was a man of the mildest and most amiable manners. He married Frances, sister to the Earl of Aylesford, by whom he had a numerous family. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his son William, Viscount Lewisham, now in his 26th year.

Nov. 2. Mrs. Mary Smallbone, wife of William Smallbone, Esq. of Walworth Common, aged 52 years.

6. Her Most Christian Majesty the Countess De Lisle, at Hartwell, of a dropsy, after having lingered several years in a very bad state of health. She displayed, in her last moments, that firmness, piety, and resignation, which are the characteristics of the House of Bourbon. Her Majesty's death-bed was attended by the Count De Lisle, and all the Princes and Princesses of the Royal Blood, of whom she took the most affectionate leave.

10. At his house in Camden-town, sincerely lamented by his relatives and friends, Mr. W. Henshaw, jun. in the 56th year of his age.

At Upper Homerton, Mrs. Le Mesurier, widow of the late Alderman Le Mesurier.

11. At Kentish-town, Mrs. Tate, wife of Mr. Robert Tate, of Salisbury-street, Strand.

12. Mrs. Gardiner, wife of Henry Gardiner, Esq. Downe Lodge, Wandsworth.

13. Mrs. West, wife of Wm. West, Esq. Bride-lane, Fleet-street.

New & Elegant Patterns for Black Net kerchiefs for the Head. Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.